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LOS ANGELES

MAINTONOMAH,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

S. A. BARRETT.

NEW-YORK:
CADY AND BURGESS,
No. 60 JOHN STREET.
MDCCCXLIX.

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MAINTONOMAH.

PART FIRST.

They waste us; ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.—BRYANT.

I.

THE forest legends of our land,
Tho' wild and sad, have yet a charm:
Traced by Tradition's faithful hand,
They seem with Truth's own fervor warm;
For, blended with reality,
They take the hue of history,
And, handed down from age to age,
Live long on memory's mystic page.
Such legends I have listen'd to,
In boyhood's hour, with keen delight;
And still, before my mental view,
They rise as vividly and bright,
As when I heard my grandsire tell
The self-same stories, years ago:—

God rest his aged ashes well,
Now sleeping in the valley low!
When he was young, the forest men
Were moving toward the setting sun;
Like lions hunted to their den,
Still loth to own the battle won.
He was no warrior:—yet would dwell
On fearful scenes with much delight,
When he could hear the savage yell
Burst through the silent gloom of night.
He often spoke of Anne's war,
And of the lovely Horican,*
Where Quebec's hero,† from afar,
Disgraced humanity and man!
He knew of many Sachems great,
Who famous were in days of yore;
He loved their stories to relate,
And would rehearse them o'er and o'er.
When Night her sable curtain drew,
And wintry winds swept thro' the vale,
And snow-clouds o'er the mountains flew,
He told to me this simple tale.
But first he said, as he drew nigh
The genial hearth-fire, blazing high—
"Remember,—many a weary day

* *Horican*—Lake George—the Indian name.

† *Quebec's Hero*—Louis De St. Veran, or the Marquis of Montcalm. Alluding to the massacre at Fort Henry, 1757.

On Time's swift wing hath passed away,—
Ay, half a century has gone,
Since I, myself, the story heard;
Therefore do not expect, my son,
That I can give thee word for word."

II.

'Twas pensive twilight; and the sun had set
Behind the woody hillocks of the west;
No sound was heard, save where a rivulet
Rushed thro' a grotto to the Hudson's breast.
The husbandmen had to their homes retired;
The beasts were slumbering on the verdant mead;
One only torch a cabin window fir'd,—
And through the gloom a feeble lustre shed.
The moon arose, and with her borrow'd light
Threw silvery brightness o'er a silent world;
The stars appeared, to gild the brow of Night,
And transient meteors thro' the air were hurl'd.
Then came a man from out the forest shade,
And knelt beside a grass-grown sepulchre;
His solemn manner, and his voice, betrayed
At once his object and his character.

III.

"Ghost of my father!" cried the chief,
"I come, to bathe thy tomb with grief;

From great Manitto's peaceful throne,
Look down and bless thy only son.
Full sixty summers have passed by,
Since white-men heard thy battle-cry,
And quailed beneath thy blow;
Thou wast the foremost in the fight,
To wing the arrow in its flight,
And strike the hated foe!"
I heard:—and curiosity
O'ercame unmanly fear,
And, stepping lightly o'er the lea,
I, unperceived, drew near.
His form was bending to the ground,
His eyes were streaming fast,
He muttered an unearthly sound,
Such as might seem his last.
An Indian's ear is never dumb,
Except it be in death!
An Indian's bow is ne'er unstrung,
With arrows in his sheath.
I trode as lightly o'er the grass,
And as elastic, too,
As in the gloomy wilderness,
The prowling panthers do;
But, as I drew still nearer by,
He suddenly arose,
And cast on me a piercing eye,
Still moisten'd with his woes.

I stretched my hand high in the air—
He caught the peaceful sign,
And straight returned it, standing there
Beneath the fair moonshine.

IV.

"Son of a Pale-face! fear me not—
I come in peace"—he said,
"To see the hill, the stream, the grot,
The hallow'd mound and holy spot,
Where Maintonomah's laid.
My head is white with many years,
Mine eyes are dimm'd by many tears,
My sinews nerveless grow;
My tomahawk is buried deep,
Beyond the mountains high and steep,
Where Erie's waters flow;
And I have hither come to shed
My last tears on my father's head."

V.

"A weary distance thou hast come,
Poor Heathen! from thy forest home,
To visit this lone mound,"
I said—and touched it with my foot:—
Swift as a bolt from heaven shot,
And with a voice of thunder sound,
He threw his hand against my breast!

And sternly said—"Pale-face! desist—
This is my father's grave!
By every tie that drew me here,
By all things that I hold most dear,
And by Manitto's self, I swear
No insult shall it have,
While I have nerve to face a foe,
Or strength to draw a steady bow!
Like all of thy accurséd race,
Thou hast no reverence for the dead,
But wouldst profane their resting-place
With reckless word and careless tread!
Not so the red-men—every mound
That hides their dead, is holy ground;
And sacred as the memory
Of those who 'neath them lowly lie!
Didst call me *poor?* Yes, I *am* poor,
Since curséd white-men fill the land,
Where lived the native chiefs of yore,
And warriors rose at their command!
The very soil on which ye tread
Has been the nurse of Indian bread:
These rugged hills around you high,
Have echoed to our battle-cry;
Or rung with mirth, their leafy bowers,
When happiness and peace were ours.
That river, glittering like dew,
Beneath the moonbeams mild,

Full often bore the light canoe,
When Teton was a child!
And dost thou think I can forget
The scene of all my joy,
When fortune smiled, and I was yet
A happy Indian boy?
Or dost thou think this hallow'd spot,
My father's grave, is worship'd not?
Or e'er can be by me forgot?
No! the Great Spirit bade me come
And weep upon this mound,
Ere I can see the red-man's home,
The Happy Hunting-ground!"

VI.

"Although the homage paid by thee,
As nothing to the dead must be;
Yet it may soothe thy spirit some,
To visit thus thy father's tomb;
And, as a part of thy wild faith,
May smooth the rugged path to death;
For, when this pilgrimage is made,
Thy last debt to thy sire is paid.
Few Christians such examples prove
Of piety and filial love;
Tho' boasting as serener heart,
Than thou—rude Heathen, as thou art!"

VII.

He heeded not what I was saying,—
  Adown the track of memory
His spirit pensively was straying;
  And he continued, randomly—
"The white-men thought the red-men fools,*
  And took them o'er the waves;
But great Manitto gave them souls,
  And they can ne'er be slaves!
List, Pale-face!—he who lies below
The summer's heat and winter's snow,
Beneath this cold and silent clod,
Once in the front of battle trod,
  Chief of a thousand men!
Wise at the council-fire—tho' young,
And mild in peace—in battle, strong
As cougar in his den!
The youthful maidens loved him well;
The wizard prophets burst the spell,
  To pay him homage due:
The young men of his tribe would try
To emulate his bravery,
  In deeds of daring, too.
Yes: such was Maintonomah, when

* Alluding to the circumstance of Indians being kidnapped, taken to the West Indies and sold as slaves; but who preferred death, rather than captivity and labor.

The Yengese* and the Dutchemen†
Were swarming to this soil.
Where first the rising sun we view,
Beyond those mountains far and blue,
There doth a limpid river flow,
Near which they laid the forests low,
And did, like beavers, toil.

VIII.

A powerful tribe dwelt in that land;
A mighty chieftain held command
Of warriors, num'rous as the sand
Upon the Salt Lakes' endless strand.
He saw his hunting-grounds destroy'd;
He felt his native rights annoy'd;
He knew that his young men were slain
By those intruders from afar;
He knew his squaws were captives ta'en,
And he resolved on war!"

IX.

Here Teton paused, and looked around
Upon the woods and on the ground:
Gazed long and silent at the moon,
Which full upon his visage shone.

* Englishmen. † Dutchmen.

'Twas then I mark'd, with some surprise,
The calm expression of his eyes,
Which had so late flashed livid fire,
Like angry serpent's, in his ire!
His head was bare, his snowy hair
Hung in a scalp-lock* from its crown;
And, standing in the moonlight there,
His dignified and solemn air
In all its native grandeur shone!
His bow was o'er his shoulders thrown,
His wampum was around him tied,
A blanket hid his swarthy zone,
And a long knife hung at his side.
Still as the rocks around, he stood,
Deep-musing on untold events;
When, sudden as the foaming flood
Pours o'er its broken battlements!
He turn'd to me, and said—"Pale-face!
Thou art one of a hated race!
You grasp at more than you can hold:
You own the land, I have been told,
Beyond the Great Salt Lake:
But the Great-Spirit of your tribe
Made your hearts big, and they imbibe
The venom of a snake!

* The Indian Warrior shaves his head, except the crown, from which depends the scalp-lock.

X.

Hast thou e'er seen the sun arise?
Didst trace his course along the skies,
And see him set at even?
Know, all the land he travel'd o'er
Between the east and western shore,
From where Atlantic's thunders roar,
To where Pacific's billows pour,
Was to the red-men given.
Our hunting-grounds were fill'd with game,
Our lakes with fishes, too,
Until the curséd strangers came
Here, in the Big-canoe.
Then were the lofty forests fell'd!
Then were the timid deer compell'd
To seek a shelter, where ne'er dwell'd
A single deer before;
Where nothing, save the wolf's long howl,
The serpent's hiss and cougar's growl,
Was heard in days of yore!

XI.

Manitto made the world, 'tis said;
Gave his red children corn for bread,
Told them to hunt the woods for deer,
The lakes for fish—and placed them here.

Why should I tell of what befell

My father and his men ?
Why on the subject longer dwell,
Or speak his name again ?
For why ?—because I deem it right
To throw a sunset-gleam of light
Upon our history :
I am the last of all my race ;
There lives no being who can trace
A kindred drop in me !
And hence the story of my grief,
Of Maintonomah—mighty chief,
Depends alone on me :
And for my spirit's own relief,
Pale-face ! I tell it thee."

MAINTONOMAH.

PART SECOND.

I.

'Twas summer eve ; the paly moon
Upon the placid river shone,
And silence reign'd, save where the rill
Was murmuring adown the hill,
Or where the wakeful whip-poor-will
Pour'd its loud note, so wildly shrill.
No boys were seen upon the lawn,
Nor warriors smoking on the green ;
All to their wigwams had withdrawn,
And stillness brooded o'er the scene.
I laid me down, but could not sleep ;
I felt a strange, foreboding dread ;
My father lay in slumber deep—
I had no mother—she was dead.
How solemn was that midnight hour,
When restless fancy's magic power
Was busy in my mind !
I started at each trifling sound,
I gazed along the moon-lit ground,
And listen'd to the wind.
As thus I lay, I something heard,
At which my life-blood quicker stirr'd !

II.

Was it the sighing of the breeze
Among the tall, green, forest trees?
Was it the panther's plaintive cry,
Reverberating awfully?
Was it the gaunt wolf's mournful howl?
Or idle screeching of the owl?
Was it the barking of the fox,
Far from his cavern'd den of rocks?
No:—it was not. A human voice,
Alone, alarmed me with its noise!

III.

Upon a little point of land,
Projecting from the narrow strand,
Three human forms I now espied,
And all their movements closely eyed.
One stood apart—the other two
Drew on the shore a light canoe.
That done, they cross'd yon purling rill,
Walked slowly up the steepy hill,
And sought our camp—where all was still.

IV.

I press'd my father's hand; he rose—
"Does Teton scent approaching foes?"
"My father's ears are very good,
Can they hear nothing in the wood?"

"Hugh!" he exclaim'd, and gave a sign,
And many a warrior of his line
Rose, at the well-known sound:
They gathered near our wigwam low,
Each with his tomahawk and bow,
And circled him around.

V.

The strangers halted on the plain,
Threw up their hands—approach'd again,
With forms erect, and slow;
My father stepp'd before his men,
Return'd the sign of peace—and then
Each party bended low.
The one who seem'd to be their chief
Came forward, and in language brief,
Explained their visit thus—
"We come as friends, with naked hands,
Into our happy neighbor's lands;
Expect no harm from us:
We wish to taste your bread and meat,
To talk around your council-seat,
And hear what may be good:
For *this* we left our squaws alone,
Pursued our course thro' ways unknown,
O'er mountains wild and rude."
"Then are ye welcome—and may eat
With us our succotash and meat,

As brothers, and as friends :
The good Manitto to us gave
Enough, and it is all we crave,
For ill *too much* attends."

VI.

The crowd dispersed ; the council-fire
Was lighted, and its flaming spire
Shot upward to the sky :
How beautiful !—its ruddy glare
Waved purple on the midnight air,
And soar'd triumphantly !
Oh ! nothing could excel the sight :—
I gazed upon it with delight,
It swell'd my bosom high :
My every fear had vanish'd then ;
I join'd a lounging group of men,
And talk'd exultingly.

VII.

My father held much talk the while,
At distance from the blazing pile,
Beneath the forest shade,
With the strange chief—who seem'd to be
Entreating him most earnestly,
From gestures that he made.
At length they ended their debate,
Came forward, where the warriors sate

Upon the green-clad ground :
I mark'd their forms, their bearing, too,
And to a just, impartial view,
I thought that very, very few
Such beings could be found !
Magnolias grow both smooth and straight,
And angry cougars have bright eyes ;
Magnolias grow to a great height,
And wave their branches in the skies.
But scarce less tall those chieftains seem'd
Than those fair sachems* of the wood ;
And not less bright their dark eyes gleam'd
Than cougar's in a wrathful mood !

VIII.

My father motioned with his hand :—
Each gallant warrior of his band
Rose, at the dumb show of command,
And follow'd to the fire.
A pile of bushes form'd his seat,
Distilling odors mild and sweet,
Which mingled with the air :
The stranger chief sat by his side,
And much of dignity and pride
Shone in his haughty stare !

* The magnolia may well be called the "Sachem" of the wood; its trunk is not unfrequently a hundred feet high, and perfectly straight.

The men were in a circle drawn,
And seated on the open lawn;
Their pipes were lighted, and the smoke
Into fantastic edies broke,
Which form'd an artificial cloud,
And wrapp'd them in a mazy shroud.

IX.

The fumes of smoke had pass'd away,
The moon moved down the western sky;
Anon, her bright, unclouded ray
Broke thro' the tree-tops silently.
Hark! did I hear my father speak
In a forbidding tone?
Or does it thro' the greenwood break,
The west wind's hollow moan?
Or, hark again! ay, now I hear
Great Maintonomah's voice!
'Tis very loud—it strikes mine ear
Like Niagara's noise!
"Teton" it says, "tell not a word
Of what I spoke that fatal night;
The faithless Pale-face will record
Each sentence uttered, with delight.
Enough it is for him to learn
What mighty Metamora said,
When bright our council-fire did burn,
And waved in air its lurid head."

X.

Thus spake the voice; didst thou not hear?
Nay, thou could'st not! 'twas for my ear,
And for my ear alone;
Though it had made the mountains quake,
The earth unto its centre shake,
Still it were all my own;
Therefore, be silent, question not
Whatever I may say;
His warning cannot be forgot,
And him I must obey.

XI.

What Maintonomah told his men
Will never more be heard again!
And soon will dark oblivion
Close o'er the relics of his son!
But what the Wampanoag said
Must be rehearsed ere I am dead;
But only to elucidate
The incidents I shall relate.

King Philip rose, (the white men gave
Such name to Metamora brave,)
Looked o'er the mute, attentive crowd,
And spoke in accents deeply loud—
"Brothers, ye are both brave and just;
To *some* Manitto gave a trust;

The land between two rivers wide,
He gave the children of his pride;
Told them to guard, with jealous care,
From Hudson to the Delaware.
Tradition tells how long they've held
The soil on which their fathers dwelled;
They've kept their trust—they've kept their faith—
They hate their foes, and fear not death!
Do any know this tribe so true?
My brothers—Mohawks! *it is you!*
But the Great Spirit's face is hid
Behind a cloud! did he not bid
His children *guard* their hunting-grounds?
And have they never heard strange sounds?
Have they seen strange footprints near?
Have they not missed the moose and deer?
Have they not seen the big-canoe,*
Fire-water,† and Pale-faces too?
Yes—they have seen all these, and more!
They've heard the white-men's thunder roar!
They've seen their hunting-grounds laid low,
And that by a deceitful foe!
And were they made to hoe the corn?
No! their free souls such labor scorn!
Listen, brothers! hear me through;

* Ship. † Spirituous liquors.

Ye are men and *warriors* too!
Those strangers, white as winter's snow,
Claim all the land, where'er they go!
They say their Christian God hath given
Unto *them* all things under heaven!
They call the Indians poor, and kill
Their game, to make them poorer still!
And shall we crouch, like dogs, before
The Pale-faced tribe? our sires of yore
Would frown upon us evermore!
They've slain my friends—my brothers' friends—
For which they cannot make amends;
Their restless ghosts for vengeance sigh,
And long to hear our battle-cry!
They went alone—with naked hands—
Into the happy Spirit-lands;
And shall this be? no—it must not—
Their wrongs must never be forgot;
A curse would rest upon our head,
And we should fear to meet the dead!
Are not my brothers of my mind?
Do they not, sometimes, feel inclined
To strike the foe? *now* is the time!
Exterminate them from our clime!
Slay every Pale-face on our soil,
And feast forever on the spoil!
They've driven me from hill to fen,
From valley to the mountain glen;

Yet still I have a willing band,
Who only wait for my command
To tomahawk our common foe,
And wrap their wigwams in a glow!
Believe me, brothers, they will come,
Ere long, and claim your happy home;
If not arrested in their course,
Or banished from our land, per force!
Hence, brothers, I believe it right
For all in common to unite,
And swear by every restless ghost
That wanders unavenged and lost—
By every hope and feeling high
Engendered by nativity—
To free the land our fathers gave,
Or make that land our common grave!"

XII.

When he had ceased, a startling yell
Re-echo'd through the wood and dell;
"Revenge and death!" each warrior cried,
And grasped the hatchet by his side;
For Philip's speech had woke their ire,
As fuel added to a fire;
They jump'd, and whoop'd, and beat the air,
Like wounded bisons in despair,
And shouted up and down the plain,
'Till Maintonomah spoke again.

He spoke—and every man was still
As morning's mist upon a hill;
He spoke—but I may not unfold
A single word of what he told!
You know my reason—ask not why
The moon appears in yonder sky.

XIII.

They held a consultation brief,
And seem'd united in belief.
Then Maintonomah step'd unto
A pine,* that in the clearing grew,
And struck his tomahawk therein;
The hills returned the sullen din.
This was a hostile signal, given
Before the face of man and heaven,
To prove the truce no longer good,
Which had been stain'd with Indian blood.
The men now follow'd to the tree,
And wounded it successively;
Tore off the bark with mimic rage,
And sorely maim'd that tree of age!
At length they ceased, and then returned
Near where the dying beacon burn'd,

* After resolving war, the Indians usually select some convenient tree as a symbol of their enemy; against which they direct their mimic vengeance.

Drew in a line around their chief,
Who wish'd from further works relief,
Until the morning sun should rise
And re-illume the azure skies.

MAINTONOMAH.

PART THIRD.

I.

The birds begin to carol loud,
And Night withdraws her sable shroud;
The golden sun appears in view,
Beyond the hills of sombre hue;
The Hudson glitters to the sheen,
The woods are dress'd in burnish'd green,
The dew-drops sparkle on the lawn,
And add their lustre to the morn—
All Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Seems welcoming the new-born day.

II.

What sounds are those, now swelling high,
Now low'ring into melody?
Ah, me!—they speak a mournful tone,
Like requiem for spirits gone:
They bid the native warrior rise,
And seek a warrior's destinies:
They are the conch-notes, sounding far
The larum of approaching war!

III.

When the first signal-blast was heard,
Each inmate at his door appear'd;
And when the last sound died away,
Like some mysterious roundelay,
The busy squaws might then be seen,
The sportive boys upon the green,
The warriors stalking here and there,
Apparently devoid of care,
Until, by mutual assent,
They circled Maintonomah's tent.

IV.

With Metamora and his men,
My father was conversing then:—
"And has my brother seen," asked he,
"The great white chief* beyond the sea?"
"We feel the wind, but cannot see
The cause of its velocity."
"'Tis well; and does my brother know
The strength and number of his foe?"
"The leaves are num'rous on the trees,
But they are scattered by the breeze;
The Yengese number like the sand,
Still we may drive them from our land,
If we but work unitedly,
From civil broils and factions free."

* King of England.

"Enough:—the beaver is full wise,
The wild-cat utters treach'rous cries,
The cunning fox is often ta'en,
The bear and bison may be slain,
The white-men strike the red-men well,
Still they are not invincible!"

V.

He still was speaking, when a shout
Proclaim'd some incident without:
Those who had placed themselves before
The humble wigwam's open door,
Now parted, to make way for one
Whose earthly race was nearly run.
All riveted an eager gaze
Upon the sage of many days;
And each appear'd, at least to me,
To watch his movements anxiously;
Because he was, till then, unknown,
Of latter years to walk alone;
Especially before the sun
Had drunk the dew and dried the lawn.
He sat by Maintonomah's side,
And Metamora keenly eyed.
That haughty chieftain well could brook
Our aged prophet's eagle look:
He did not quail beneath his eye,
Though keen and long the scrutiny;

And not a muscle could you trace
Distorted in his manly face;
But, like a noble Sagamore,
The close examination bore.

VI.

I never shall forget the hour,
'Till to the land of shadows borne,
When Wessatona's magic power
Foretold my father's doom that morn;
For he was gifted to behold,
Thro' thy dark shades, Futurity!
Life's awful waste; and to unfold
The hidden things of destiny.
"And go," he said, "tho' I have dream'd
That thou shalt fall in battle brave;
A Sachem's word should be redeem'd,
Tho' it were purchased by his grave!
Go, then, pride of thy people! where
The boon of glory may be found;
Be honor still thy leading star,
And let thy war-whoop loudest sound.
I've marked our brother—fear him not—
No treason harbors in his breast:
First of his nation—he has fought
The bravest and the best!
Farewell, my son!—Manitto calls:
Thy father beckons thee to come:

Haste to the field where manhood falls,
And seek a long—a happy home."

VII.

He ceased; an awful pause ensued
The dread disclosure made;
Each seem'd unwilling to intrude,
And solemn silence sway'd.
The prophet left our wigwam drear,
And sought his own again:
Methought I saw the briny tear
Bedew his visage then.
The men withdrew to eat their meat,
And bid their squaws adieu:
My sire resum'd his lowly seat,
And took refreshments too.
He bade the strangers share his cheer;
Consisting of a haunch of deer,
A gourd of water, and some fish
Placed in an oval wooden dish,
A bowl of succotash and bread;
On such repast stern warriors fed.

VIII.

Behold a warlike band, array'd
In Indian pomp—in Indian show!
See o'er their heads a flag display'd,
Type of defiance to the foe!

Their gaudy plumes of feathers gay
Wave in the southern, summer gale;
Their polished arms reflect the day,
Like sparkling diamonds, bright and pale.
Their valiant chief—my noble sire—
By Areouski* doom'd to die,
Feels in his breast the martial fire,
And glories in his destiny!
Now all are ranged upon the plain,
Between the village and the sun;
O, hearken to the rising strain!
Their solemn war-song is begun!

SONG.

Manitto! lend thine ear
To thy children weak;
Manitto! deign to hear
What they speak.

Thou art strong—thou art just—
Thou art swift—we are slow;
In thee we place our trust,
Help us strike the foe!

Manitto! hear our cries,
We crave thy mighty aid:
Manitto! thou art wise,
And knowest what is said.

* Indian God of War.

IX.

Three several times I plainly heard
Each simple line, and simple word;
Deep, slow, and soft their accents fell,
And died in distance thro' the dell.
However harsh to a white ear
Their artless cadence might appear;
Howe'er uncouth their attitude,
Unpolished verse, and gestures rude;
Yet, to an Indian, like me,
'Twas like some passing melody,
And every action, word and tone
Blent in harmonious unison!

X.

Ere yet the destin'd march began,
The war-pipe pass'd from man to man;
Its stem was of a crimson hue,
Its bowl was of the brightest blue,
Wrought from stone* of hardest mould,
By Christian hunters bought and sold.
That done, they pass'd with noiseless tread
Unto the Hudson's lowly bed,
Where fifty light canoes were seen,
All dancing on the waters sheen.
The southern breeze swept o'er the flood,

* Flint.

And sigh'd along the leafy wood ;
And fresher still the breezlet blew,
And higher still the billows grew,
Until they laved the sandy shore,
With dashing foam and hollow roar.
Now o'er the troubled deep they glide,
Like bounding bisons, side by side ;
See !—they have gained the eastern strand,
And draw their canoes to the land ;
Another look—and naught is seen,
Save barren rocks and cedars green.

* * * *

XI.

Twelve suns had roll'd from east to west,
As many moons had sunk to rest ;
Twelve times the stars appeared in view,
Diffusing feeble lustre too,—
Since Maintonomah and his band
Sought Metamora's troubled land.

There is a feeling of the heart,
Pure as the balmy breath of morning,
When Night's unfathom'd shades depart,
And oriental beams are dawning :
It is that love which parents bear
For the dear objects of their care ;
It is that love which children learn

To feel for parents in return.
And such the passion that I felt,
When in the lonely tent I knelt,
And pray'd Manitto to restore
My father to his tribe once more.
But what avail our earnest cries,
When He, who rules in yonder skies,
Hath need of those we would detain,
And calls them to himself again?

XII.

The morning dawn'd without a cloud;
The larks ascended in the air;
The men assembled in a crowd,
But then, alas! few men were there.
The boys resum'd their daily plays,
The mimic of the chase and fight,
And acted them in many ways,
With Youth and Childhood's gay delight.
Oh, Youth! oh, Childhood!—what are ye,
That smile so sweetly for a time?
Blest beacons on Life's stormy sea,
Between its dawning and its prime!
Bright as the golden sun, ye seem;
Fair as the moon, when riding high;
But transient as the dazzling gleam
That shoots athwart a troubled sky!

XIII.

E'en now, methinks, I hear the yell,
Which thundered thro' this very dell,
Full sixty years ago :—
Again it rose, in awful strain,
The notes of pleasure and of pain,
And died in echo's low.
Lo ! near the river's eastern side,
Afloat upon the limpid tide,
Our absent friends appear !
How swiftly o'er the waves they come !
They seek a peaceful, happy home,
Remote from war's career.
Joy ! joy !—but transient joy is found
Within this world of cares :
As thorns 'mid fairest flowers abound,
Life is beset with snares !
We joy'd to see them near the land,
But soon that joy was turn'd to pain !
Where was the leader of the band ?
He ne'er shall see his tribe again !
Wrapt in the arms of death, he lies,
And cold as Alleghania's snow :
Alas ! no more his eagle eyes
Shall light his warriors to the foe !

XIV.

Oh ! listen to those piercing tones—

They fill my heart with dread ;
They are the weeping widows' moans,
Bewailing husbands dead !
And, mingled with their grief, arise
The hapless orphans' plaintive cries :
These grieve for those who never more
Shall smile upon them as before ;
And those for those endeared by ties
Of hymenean paradise.

XV.

Long ere the mourners ceased to weep,
Four warriors climb'd the rocky steep ;
They bore a litter, form'd of wood,
Of hasty workmanship and rude ;
'Twas lined with barks and blankets too,
Thus rendered easy to the view.
They gain'd the plain, and pass'd along,
With solemn tread, amid the throng.
All eyes were fixed on them alone,
To none their burden was unknown,
For, on the litter which they bore,
Lay Maintonomah—chief no more !

XVI.

Near yonder grove of stately trees,
Now waving in the evening breeze,
Upon a seat they placed my sire,

And dress'd him in a gay attire:
His tomahawk, bright as the sun!
His wampum, with its trinkets on;
His blanket, decked with beads and gold,
Which dangled from each graceful fold;
His knife was pendant from his waist,
With eagle plumes his head was graced,
His bow was o'er his shoulder slung,
And arrows in his quiver hung.

XVII.

The minor chieftains gathered round,
The young men and the squaws appeared;
All stood in silence deep, profound,
And gazed on him they loved, revered.
Yes—all were there, save those who fell,
As fell their leader, in the fight,
But they had gone where warriors dwell
With purer, unalloy'd delight.
Immediately before him stood
Old Wessatona, wise and good.
His arms were folded on his breast,
His head was sunk upon his chest,
His eyes were closed, and from them stole
The tender anguish of his soul.
Long had the awful quiet reign'd,
Where all was *felt* and nothing *feign'd;*
And long had every one bestow'd

The mournful tribute, justly owed;
Before the sage appeared to note
His being on the fatal spot.
At first his lips began to move
As if imploring heaven's love;
Fitful and indistinct their sound,
Scarce heard by those who wept around.
A hundred summers he had seen,
Attired in robes of vernal green;
A hundred winters he had known
Howl on the trail of winters gone;
And many tokens had they cast
Upon him, as they hurried past;
The flowing scalp-lock on his head
Rivall'd the snow-wreath which they shed;
And bended form, and furrowed face,
And trembling limb, and tottering pace,
Were of his lengthened years, the trace.
Yet, not the weight of a century
Could then repress his energy;
He oped his eyes, he raised his head,
And thus address'd the silent dead:

XVIII.

"Pride of the Mohawks! thou art gone:
A nation mourns thee all too soon!
Thou wast the foremost in the chase!
Thou wast the fleetest in the race!

None knew so well, as thou did'st know,
To hunt the moose and strike the foe!
Few at the council-fire so young,
None wiser—and but few as strong!
Why hast thou left us, noble chief?
Why was thy stay among us brief?
Manitto call'd—thou hast obey'd,
And left us nothing but thy shade.
But thou didst not repair alone
To the Great Spirit's happy throne;
A hundred Yengese clear thy way!
A hundred scalps beside thee lay!
What chief can fill thy vacant place
With equal good and equal grace?
None, eagle of thy tribe! is even—
The boon to thee alone was given!
Thou hast discharged thy duty here,
Without a rival or compeer:
Thy sun is set—thy work is done—
Thy night is come, and thou art gone!
Gone, with thy father's ghost to dwell:
Pride of the Mohawks!—fare thee well!"

XIX.

Thus spoke the sage;—the multitude
Drank deep each solemn word;
They listen'd in attentive mood,
And reverenced what they heard.

His voice was hush'd—his eyes reclosed,
And once again his head reposed
Upon his bosom bare:
Two of the braves, who stood near by,
Attended respectfully
Unto his tent with care.

XX.

And now the mournful numbers rise,
The corse is placed upon a bier,
And, follow'd by a nation's cries,
Convey'd, in awful grandeur, here.
Yes, *here*, beneath this very clay,
On which, proud Christian! thou didst tread,
Doth mighty Maintonomah lay!
The noble and forgotten dead.

Enough:—as I have said before,
My final hour will shortly come;
Go—Pale-face! and return no more—
I'll weep upon my father's tomb:
Yes,—I will weep 'till kindly death
Shall dry my tears with friendly hand;
Then joyfully resign my breath,
And meet him in the Spirit Land.

THE FORSAKEN.

Deep the woe that fast is sending
From my cheek its healthful bloom;
Sad my thoughts, as willows bending
O'er the borders of the tomb.—G. P. Morris.

Slowly, slowly swept the river,
Gently, gently sigh'd the breeze,
Softly, sweetly the deceiver
Whispered Lucy words like these—

"Come, oh! come, my dearest, dearest,
Leave thy home, and fly with me;
By that power which thou reverest,
I will be all love to thee!

May I never, never, never
Know one moment's peace of mind,
If I ever, ever, ever
To my Lucy prove unkind!

Fear not—tremble not—my fairest!
Edgar's life shall be thy shield:
All his love alone thou sharest,
By his sense of honor sealed.

Leave thy father—leave thy mother—
They have never loved like me;
Leave thy sister and thy brother,
They can be no more to thee.

Do not hesitate, my Lucy—
Can'st thou doubt!—oh! no, no, no!
Cannot Edgar's love induce thee
Love of others to forego?

See! our gallant bark is lying
On the waves impatiently—
Come, oh! come, let us be flying
To the land where love is free."

One long, lingering look of sorrow,
Cast I on my happy home;
'Twas my last!—away—the morrow
Sealed forever Lucy's doom!

We were married—*we were married!*
Oh! it is a solemn thing!
To the rector I was carried,
And received the nuptial ring.

Hours of pleasure—hours of pleasure
Follow'd fast the deed of ill:
I was happy in my treasure,
Edgar seem'd more happy still.

Fickle fortune—fickle fortune
Smil'd, but only to beguile;
Mark this caution—mark this caution—
Trust not fortune by her smile!

Tho' it beameth—tho' it beameth,
All serenely, brightly fair,
'Tis as gleameth—'tis as gleameth
Lightning thro' the evening air!

Hours of pleasure—hours of pleasure
Soon were changed to hours of woe!
Edgar wearied of his treasure—
Lucy felt the fatal blow!

There were others—there were others,
Fairer forms than Lucy's, wore;
Edgar's heart became another's—
Would that Lucy's beat no more!

From that moment I have wandered,
Weary, wretched and forlorn;
Health, and peace, and honor, squandered,—
Oh that I had ne'er been born!

I had parents—I bereft them—
Can I seek them once again?
No—the home in which I left them
Lies beyond the rolling main!

I had sister—I had brother—
Shall I mock them with my woe?
No! the pride I cannot smother
Spurns the thought, and answers "*no!*"

TO * * * * * *

In Love's delightful morning,
Sweet roses strew the way;
And rainbow-prospects, dawning,
Smile in serenest day.

Those roses are ideal;
Those prospects fairy, too;
And Love itself unreal,
Except with—*me and you!*

SONG—TO MARY.

Dear is my little native grove,
And doubly dear my native hills,
Where warblers chant their hymns of love,
And fountains gush in virgin rills.

And there, within our humble cot,
We'll live, and love the hours away;
Nor envy the exalted lot
Of those who flit in fortune's ray.

Let fashion's ever-fitful crowd
Flirt gayly on, in splendid woe;
And drunken Riot revel loud,
Where bright the midnight tapers glow.

Away with these!—*we'll* live a life
Of calm retirement—rural joy—
Far from the gay world's noise and strife,
Where every pleasure has alloy.

And thou wilt sing the songs we love,
And I will listen to the strain,
While all the stars are bright above,
And Evening holds her silent reign.

TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

Little flower—modest flower—
Brightly blooming in the bower
  Form'd by Nature's hand;
Nursed by April's sun and shower,
  And by zephyrs fann'd:—

What tho' art has never dress'd thee,
Beauty's eye or hand caress'd thee,
  Since thy natal hour?
Bounteous Nature, she has bless'd thee,
  Modest little flower!

Forest plants are round thee springing,
Forest branches o'er thee swinging,
  In the morning breeze;
And the forest birds are singing,
  'Mid the budding trees.

With a breathing fragrance laden,
Thou dost bloom, this sylvan shade in,
  Sweetly and alone;
Like a meek and modest maiden,
  To the world unknown.

Type of unassuming Merit!
Thou from nature dost inherit
All thy bloom and grace;
Like a pure and noble spirit
Of the human race.

Little flower—pretty flower—
Thou wouldst grace my lady's bower,
Or her bright boquet;
But can I, with wanton power,
Pluck thee from thy spray?

No—thou wert a pleasing dower—
But while April's sun and shower
Keep thee from decay,
Thou shalt live thy little hour
By the woodland way.

A THOUGHT.

Tho' breathed in softest, sweetest tone,
Beneath the darkest shades of even,
Low as the zephyr's dying moan—
A lover's vows are heard in heaven!

RURAL LIFE. (NIGHT.)

Domestic quiet and domestic joy
Are sweetly blended in a rural life;
The fireside-converse, never known to cloy,—
The cheerful husband, and the modest wife.

Beguiled by many a legendary lore,
Serenely pass the evening hours away;
High on the hearth the blazing faggots soar,
And shed around an ever-genial ray.

No sounds unhallow'd vibrate thro' the air,
To mar the scene of innocent repose;
No boist'rous sons of Bacchus revel there,
In noisy riot, 'till the morning glows.

All, all is calmness—and the tranquil hours
Of rural evening sweetly glide away,
Till nature yields to slumbers' soothing powers,
To be awakened by the blaze of day.

Oh! happy life!—free from the ills that cloud
Our soul's pure sunshine in this world below;
Where, when we follow Fashion's fitful crowd,
We dream of pleasures we can never know.

MAY.

The fairy-footed hours of May
Are brightest of the rolling year;
The earth is newly-green and gay,
The sky is darkly-blue and clear.

The air is mild—and breathes afar
A fragrance, all unknown to earth
When other seasons smiling are,
And other flowers and fruits have birth.

A melody, from every tree,
Is borne upon the breeze's wing;
And purling fountains, flowing free,
Are softly, sweetly murmuring.

All vegetation starts to life,
As touched by fabled Magi's wand!
And every plant and leaf is rife
With beauty, fresh from nature's hand.

Our spirits feel a joyous thrill,
Participating Nature's glee;
And o'er the hill, and by the rill,
We love to wander, lingeringly.

Oh, I could bear, serenely bear
  Life's weary burden many a day,
If every season were as fair
  And beautiful as sunny May.

SONG—TO MARY.

Thy raven locks are fading, love,
  I mark them day by day;
And from thy cheeks the roses, love,
  Of youth have passed away.
But 'twas not these that won me, love,
  Tho' beautiful were they,
A deeper spell was on me, love,
  A charm that lives for aye.

It was thy *soul's* expression, love,
  Revealed by acts of thine,
Which bound me to thee ever, love,
  And made thee ever mine.
It, therefore, does not grieve me, love,
  To see thy tresses fade;
Thy spirit-beauties won me, love,
  And *they* have not decayed.

ON THE DEATH

OF A. I. UNDERHILL, OF NEW YORK. APRIL, 1836.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom!—BYRON.

He died—as all who live must die
He died in joyous youth,
When the soul is full of poetry,
And happiness, and truth;
When fancies fairies glide before
The vision of our view,
And the fount of life is gushing o'er
With feelings, ever new.

I saw him languish in decay,
And inly thought, the while,
That the rose, which dangles on its spray
In summer's genial smile,
Were emblem meet of him—of all
Who tread this chequered stage!
Where the brightest pleasures soonest pall—
A weary pilgrimage!

And there was thought upon his brow,
And genius in his eye,
Tho' from his cheek the hectic glow
Was stealing silently;
Like tints that leave the mountain's head,
When Phœbus sinks to rest,
And the sunny hours of day have fled
Far in the golden west.

'Tis hard—'tis passing hard, to see
Cold earth to earth return'd,
Which so lately and so joyously,
With health and vigor burn'd;
And yet, we know that it must be,
'Tis the common lot of all!
The old must bow to the stern decree,
The young, and the beautiful.

He died—he's gone—yet weep ye not
His spirit, early flown;
The past and its trials are forgot,
The present all unknown;
This world hath faded like a dream
Before the sleeper's eye;
And his spirit lives in the quenchless beam
Of immortality.

STANZAS.

'Twere sweet, methinks, to trace yon river's tide,
When summer's sun illumes the western sky,
With ever-pleasing Mary by my side,
Health in her face, and pleasure in her eye.
Our conversation, sweeten'd by our love,
Should flow harmonious to each other's ear;
Our theme, the landscape, brighten'd from above,
Some distant object, or the waters near.

'Twere sweet, methinks, at evening's silent hour,
When all around is hushed in mimic death,
To hear my Mary's voice of music pour
Some dear memorial of our plighted faith.
Oh! I could listen, till my fancy heard
The song of angels, pealing from on high!
Oh! I could listen, 'till the fabled bird
Of Eden's bowers should seem to warble nigh.

'Twere sweet, methinks, at morning's rosy prime,
When vast creation wakes to life anew,
To muse with Mary on the works sublime
Of Nature's Author and Sustainer too:
And, rapt in wonder, gratitude and praise,
Unenvied, and unenvying, possess
The promised joys of courtship's sunny days—
Blest in each other's love and happiness.

STANZAS.

Tho' grown to manhood's sober truth
And stern reality,
Oh! let the freshness of my youth
Forever live with me!

I would not lose the mirthful tone
Of youth's elysian prime,
Nor *feel* that, with its hours, had flown
The sunlight of my time.

For all the bliss that ever caught
The raptured prophet's view!
Or all the treasures ever brought
From India, or Peru!

For, as that lone, effulgent star
Forever lights the pole,
Those old associations are
A light around my soul.

Then blest forever be the power
Of magic memory!
It renovates life's morning hour,
Its gladness, and its glee.

SONG.

A BOUQUET of flowers
I've gathered for thee,
From Flora's best bowers,
Uncultured and free.

I sought in the wild-wood,
And found the bluebell,
Where we, in our childhood,
Have sported so well.

These lilies were blowing
Beside a pure rill;
These violets, growing
On yonder green hill.

Where waters were rushing
O'er pebble and stone,
These roses were blushing
In beauty alone.

Each flower in this cluster,
Tho' wilding it grew,
Might challenge the garden
For fragrance and hue.

Tho' Art never drest them,
With labor and care,
Boon Nature has blest them,
And made them most fair.

Accept them, and keep them,
For friendship and me;—
This bouquet of flowers
I gathered for thee.

TO MARY.

ON PRESENTING HER MY MINIATURE.

This little miniature of me,
Of form and face the counterpart,
Is type of the fidelity
With which thou'rt mirrored in my heart.

When I am absent—thou art lone—
Then will this faithful semblance be
The mute remembrancer of one,
Whose spirit ever turns to thee.

THE MAID OF MARLBORO'.

"Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass of Ballochmyle."—BURNS.

I saw thee once—and never
Can I forget thy form;
'Twas lovely as the sunbeam
That flashes thro' a storm!

And, thro' their silken lashes,
Those soul-lit eyes of thine,
Shone brighter than twin-diamonds
From India's famous mine.

Thy hair, in raven streamers,
Flow'd o'er a neck of snow,
As conscious of its beauty—
Fair Maid of Marlboro'.

I saw thee when the sunlight
Was fading in the sky,
And thou wert standing lonely,
The lovely Hudson by.

'Twas beautiful around thee,
Above thee and below;
But thou hadst more of beauty,
Fair Maid of Marlboro'.

And in that mighty mirror,
Which lay like molten gold,
Thou couldst have seen reflected
Thy form of matchless mould.

The birds anear thee singing,
The waters, murm'ring low,
Seem'd making music for thee,
Fair Maid of Marlboro'.

And thou, in silence standing
Upon that lonely strand,
Hadst seem'd to poet's vision,
The Queen of Fairy Land—

Save that, in beauteous blushes,
The rose of earth was seen;
And thy voluptuous bosom
Beat, 'neath its silken screen.

Oft when at evening straying
Along that lovely shore,
I gaze where once I saw thee,
But see thee there no more.

Lost Pleiad of my fancy!
None e'er can fill thy place:
Earth holds no being like thee,
In soul, and form, and face.

And yet, thy peerless beauty
May prove a ban to thee!
Beware man's siren speeches,
And Man's inconstancy!

And may the years, revolving,
Bring naught to thee of woe:
Earth's blessings all be with thee,
Fair Maid of Marlboro'!

GAILY O'ER THE WATERS.

A SUMMER EVENING SCENE ON THE HUDSON.

Gaily o'er the waters, ho!
Gaily o'er the waters,
In their swan-like shallop go
Pleasure's sons and daughters!

On the silvery, moon-lit air,
Float their mingled voices;
Oh! there must be rapture where
Every one rejoices!

List the burden of their song—
'Tis a song of pleasure;
Sweetly wind and wave prolong
Its enchanting measure.

What can more delight the ear
Of earth's sons and daughters,
Than a choir of voices clear,
Borne o'er moon-lit waters?

Seem they not of fairy land?
Seem their tones not fairy,
As they mellow and expand
Thro' the welkin airy?

And this soft and lovely sight,
Is it not entrancing?
On the river's bosom bright,
See the moonbeams dancing!

Either shore is fair to see;
Hill, and plain, and bower
Clothed in summer drapery—
Leaf, and plant, and flower.

On a lovely night like this,
With such scenes before them,
Who but feels a thrill of bliss
Stealing sweetly o'er them?

Gaily glides the boat along,
Gaily, o'er the waters:—
Thank you for that pleasing song,
Youthful sons and daughters!

Blessings be upon you shed,
Happiness, forever:
Who would wish you worse instead,
Should be the receiver!

STANZAS.*

TO MISS M. C OF NEW YORK.

THY VOICE—*thy voice!*—I knew it well!
It has the same enchanting power,
As when it threw its magic spell
Around me, in life's morning hour:
There's music in its every tone,
Harmonious music, all its own!

When but a playful child, I heard
Its tuneful cadence, soft and clear;
And every accent, every word,
Fell sweetly on my raptur'd ear:
And "*Blue-eyed Mary*" breathed in thee,
When thou didst sing that melody!

* 'Twas a summer sunset. I was just concluding my work in a field by the roadside, when hearing the approach of horses, I looked up and beheld a company of young ladies on horseback. At the instant, and before I had fully recognized her person, one of them, bowing to me, pronounced my name. Her voice was inspiration! one of the cherished associations of my childhood! It carried my thoughts amid the sunny scenes of olden memories, when that *voice*, rising in its own native richness and sweetness, breathed the very

Oh! when I heard thy voice to-day,
What memories came thronging back!
A rainbow train—a bright array—
Seen thro' life's dim and devious track;
And brothers, sisters, playmates—all,
Were round me, at thy spirit's call.

All,—all!—yes, even those who now
Are sleeping 'neath the valley's clod;
Who, ere a furrow marked their brow,
Obey'd the call of Nature's God:
They seemed anear me, as of yore,
And the same joyous faces wore.

And *this* the power of music—this
The magic of thy voice to me!
It calls up childhood's hours of bliss—
It opes the flowers of memory:
And for the present golden hour,
I thank thee, Lady!—thine the dower.

soul of melody into the plaintive song of "Blue-eyed Mary." Long years had passed since I had heard that voice, and yet it seemed familiar to me! Such the associations of childhood—such the power of melody! and it brought with it a vivid remembrance of "the old sad song." I know not, if these lines should meet her eye, whether she would recollect the circumstance, or understand the allusion: if she should, I beg her not to accept them as the inimitable lines of Burns were accepted by the "bonnie lass of Ballochmyle."

Oh, Lady! I have known thee long,
Yet never knew thee as I ought;
And, but for that remembered song,
Thy voice's tone I had not caught;
And thou hadst seemed to me like one
Whom I had seen, yet never known.

LINES.

There's beauty in a woman's tears,
Adown her soft cheek slowly stealing,
A pensive beauty—which endears,
And wakens every tender feeling.

There's beauty in a woman's eye,
With Love's pure passion brightly glowing;
There's magic in a woman's sigh,
From her voluptuous bosom flowing.

There's music in a woman's tone,
Soul-thrilling music, breathing gladness;
Imparting raptures all its own—
Oh! that it e'er should murmur sadness!

HOW IS THE GOSPEL PREACHED?

Not by loud declamation,
  Is Gospel preached on earth;
Not by the deep damnation,
  From pulpits thundered forth;
Not by those *fear-fraught* speeches,
  Made to bewilder man,
Whose labor'd language reaches
  The spirit, but to *ban!*

Oh! those are they who preach it,
  And those alone are they,
Who by their *practice* teach it,
  In each succeeding day;
By *acts* of *goodness* only,
  By *deeds* of *charity*,
By visiting the lonely,
  And soothing misery.

Around the couch of sorrow
  The Gospel should be heard,
And, for the coming morrow,
  Breathe hope in every word:
Some Angel-voice should preach it,
  In Love's or Friendship's guise;
Some act of kindness teach it,
  By drying sorrow's eyes.

Wherever Love confideth,
  Wherever Fear is not,
Wherever Truth abideth,
  The Gospel hath been taught.
By acts of moral duty,
  Which foster moral worth,
Are Gospel love and beauty
  Proclaim'd throughout the earth.

BEAUTY.

As moonbeams that quiver,
  On ocean or river,
Are mellow'd by distance, and brightest afar;
  So Beauty is fairest,
  And richest, and rarest,
When seen in the distance by Love's beaming star!

As Spring's merry hours,
  And Summer's fair flowers,
Bloom brightly and briefly, then vanish away;
  So Beauty, forever,
  Despite our endeavor,
But blooms for a season, then fadeth for aye!

FRAGMENT.

At summer eve, when all is still,
'Tis sweet to hear the whip-poor-will
Pour its loud note, so wildly shrill,
From wood or valley, dell or hill.
Oh! then a pensive, musing mood
Comes o'er our senses, softly stealing;
And every thought and passion rude
Yields to a gentler, milder feeling.

There's music in the zephyr's sigh,
There's music in the water's flowing,
There's beauty in the evening sky,
And beauty in the landscape glowing.
There's pleasure in a maiden's eye,
When roses on her cheeks are blooming,
When every word breathes melody,
And youth and health her brow illuming.

'Tis sweet to muse upon the days
Of careless childhood,—gone forever!
'Tis sweet to ponder o'er the lays
Of poets, and award the praise
Which mental worth and beauty raise,
To be forgotten never.

'Tis sweet to rise at early dawn,
When bees their matin hymns are humming,
When dew-drops sparkle on the lawn,
And the great king of day is coming.
'Tis sweet to see the mountains glow,
Tinged by the sun's last rays declining;
'Tis sweet to see, far, far below,
The lake like molten silver shining.
'Tis sweet, in some sequestered grove,
Where purling streamlets murmur sadness,
To wander with the maid we love,
And listen to her voice of gladness.
'Tis sweet to close our eyes in sleep,
When tapers wane and senses vary,
And stars their midnight vigils keep—
So, for the present, farewell, Mary!

FIRST LOVE.

Oscar was sweet seventeen,
Lucy something less, I ween;—
Mutual love between them grew,
Such as we, dear Anna! knew.
By the stars, and all above,
Did they pledge their ardent love;
And by all things here below,
Did they vow to keep it true.
* * * * * *
Oscar saw another belle,
  Lucy saw another beau;
Oscar rued his promise well,
  Lucy rued her promise, too.
Soon those eyes that lately shone
With the light of love alone,
Sent the cold, averted glance—
Something tinged with hate, perchance.
  Soon those voices lost their sweetness,
Each word seem'd imbued with gall!
  Time forgot its wonted fleetness,
Evening hours, their beauty all;—
  And, whene'er the lovers met,
  With reluctance and regret,
  Not a solitary smile
  Lighted up, their looks, the while;

All was cold formality,
Nothing sociable and free.
To conclude my artless story,
As abruptly as uncivil,
Their first love had lost its glory,
And they wished—each other at the Devil!

A THOUGHT.

Yon river, gliding silently
Along its never-varied course,
Has been—is now—and e'er will be
The same;—sprung from a living source.

Unlike the tide of human life,
It floweth in eternal youth:
Yet, like the tide of human life,
It teaches one eternal truth.

It teaches, that, howe'er we spend
Our time,—in sadness or in glee,
Life still is gliding on—its end
The ocean of Eternity.

SERENADE.

The moon is shining brightly,
  The stars are blinking too,
The breezes sighing lightly
  The blooming tree-tops through—
The whip-poor-will is singing
  On yon leaf-shaded hill,
The welkin wide is ringing
  With her wild note, and shrill—

The river glideth lonely
  And quietly along;
While I salute thee only,—
  Awake! and hear my song.
O! sweet, on mead and mountain
  The wild-rose scents the gale:
And sweet the purling fountain,
  That murmurs thro' the vale.

'Tis passing sweet, at even,
  To see the sun decline,
And view the western heaven
  With his last glories shine!
Sweet is the wild bird's carol,
  From dingle, brake and thorn;
And sweet a lover's farewell,
  In Love's delightful morn;

But sweeter far to *hear thee*,
At twilight's rosy hour,
When I'm reclining near thee,
Beneath thy fav'rite bower,
Sing to my lute so sweetly,
So blithely, softly, too:
Oh! *then*, as now, too fleetly
Time flies—my love!—adieu.

FRAGMENT.

I GLIDE along, and little do I care
For Friendship's smile, or Hatred's withering glance;
I am not what I was—things, light as air,
Once could affect me; but with Time's advance,
I have advanced:—and now I freely throw
Peace to my friend—defiance to my foe!
I have discovered, what most others can,
If they but see half what is to be seen,
That Friendship's tie uniteth man and man,
As long as *mutual interest* lies between;
Take *that* away,—the brittle bond is rent—
And fawning Friendship to the Devil sent!

CHILDHOOD.

Oh careless childhood! sunshine of our days—
  Season of bliss—prelude of after woe!
All bards have sung thee, with unbounded praise,
  All have possess'd thee and have lost thee too:
Thou art the morning of a fitful day,
Bright as a meteor—transient as its ray!

In thee, the heart is full of melody,
  And wingéd pleasures fan the rosy hours;
All nature smiles around us joyfully,
  And woos us onward thro' elysian bowers:
Time glides, unnoted, pleasantly away,
And life seems one long, sunny summer day.

And who but loves thee?—who, but would recall
  Thy sports, thy pleasures, and thyself again?
Oh! vain desire!—yet not unnatural,
  Thy scenes, sweet Childhood! ever haunt the brain,
As lives in shells the music of the sea,
So lives thy bliss within our memory.

THE POET.

"The God-tanght minstrel,
Above a world untanght,
Smiles, lonely, in the smiles of heaven,
From his hill-tops of thought."

HALLECK, FROM GOETHE.

THEY err, who deem the Poet made,
Made only, for the rhyming trade;
That all his thoughts are lent to song,
And all his soul is pour'd in verse:
Oh! there are passions, deep and strong,
Of which his bosom is the nurse!
Ambition, honor, love and pride,
In all their strength, with him abide.

Form'd for each varied scene of life,
Its joy and sorrow, toil and strife,
Its sunshine and its shade;
For every stage of action here—
The hero, statesman, financier,
The patriot, peasant, or the peer—
The Poet, too, was made.

Above the herd of common men,
As mountains stand above the plain,
He looks abroad with eagle ken,
Surveying nature's wide domain.

In all of beautiful and bright,
  Above, below—in earth or heaven,
His spirit revels with delight;
And pleasures to his soul are given,
Such as the bard, and bard alone,
Can understand, or call his own.

And yet—as on some mountain's head
  The storms in wrath descend,
While, o'er the lowly valley spread,
  Sunshine and beauty blend—
The Poet feels the storms of life,
  Than other men, severer;
Still, when have pass'd their clouds and strife,
  His heaven, too, is clearer.

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

JULY 11TH, 1841.

"When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth."

HALLECK.

My Brother, thou art sleeping
Beneath the locust tree,
And many an eye is weeping,
And long will weep, for thee.

The grave doth now enfold thee
Within its narrow cell;
No more can we behold thee—
Loved Brother, fare thee well!

Oh! is this not ideal?
Art thou, indeed, *gone home?*
And do we, sad and real,
Bewail thy early doom?

Who that beheld and knew thee,
In manhood's morning glow,
Had thought so soon to view thee
Within the grave laid low?

Thine were health's fairest roses,
And earth's bright prospects thine;
Naught, then, that time discloses,
Betokened thy decline.

But thou art gone forever!
High hopes have with thee flown:
Like bubbles from a river,
Thou and those hopes are gone!

Thy transient day is over,
Thy sun of life is set,
But round its pathway hover
Thy living virtues yet.

Kind, gen'rous, honest, fearless—
Pursuing life's best plan:
I scarce may name thee tearless,
Thou noble-minded man!

'Twas hard to see thee dying,
'Twas hard to see thee dead,
And hard to see thee lying
Lone in thy last, cold bed.

Yet something 'tis consoling,
To think that thou art blest,
And in the earth's green bosom
Forever laid at rest.

And we, who weep thy spirit
So early summon'd home,
The same death-doom inherit—
We follow to the tomb!

Yet many an eye is weeping,
And long will weep, for thee;
While thou art calmly sleeping
Beneath the Locust tree.

FRIENDSHIP.

PART FIRST

"Ah! what is friendship but a name?"—GOLDSMITH.

I.

SEATED at his lattice gay,
Watching the decline of day,
Musing on events long gone,
Was the College student lone.
He was one of gentle mind,
Meditative, mild and kind.
Oft, in secret, would he pore
O'er the minstrel's magic lore;
Oft he fancied he could see,
Thro' the veil of Poesy,
Beauties of a purer birth
Than have origin in earth!
And, anon, he would rehearse,
In some briefly-written verse,
Thoughts that rush'd upon his soul,
When thro' noonday walks he stole,
By the brooklet's grassy side,
Rippling thro' meadows wide,

Or beneath the forest trees,
Vocal, oft, with melodies,
When the sun, his central ray,
Shot from realms of living day.

II.

Hark!—a step upon the floor!
Then a tap upon the door;
And it opens—who is there?
'Tis his school-mate, Henry Clare.
He was one of noble mien,
Youth so fair is seldom seen;
He was one of lofty soul,
All impatient of control;
Still he was exempt from scorn,
And for others' woe could mourn.
Heart more kind is seldom known;
Heart more vengeful none will own,
Than he carried in his breast—
Home of many a fitful guest.

III.

Characters so opposite
Oft partake of more delight
In each other's company,
Than those of kindred sympathy:
Strange it is—and yet 'tis true—
I have marked it—so have you.

They were young—had scarcely seen
Smiling summers seventeen.
They were young—and youth is rife
With the pleasures of this life,
Full of hope and full of glee :—
Visions of futurity
Opened to their raptured sight
Rainbow-prospects of delight.

IV.

'Twould avail me naught to sing
All that gave their fancy wing ;
Whether they remarked the skies,
With their gorgeous, sunset dies ;
Whether they debated free,
Classics or philosophy,
Heroes, statesmen, conquerors,
Poets, patriots, or wars,
The world below, the worlds above,
Or the milder theme of love.
Nor would it vantage you to see
All their private history ;
They were *friends*, and friends oft do
What they would not all should view ;
They were friends, in *deed* as *word*,
What one *knew*, the other *heard ;*
They were friends, confiding, free,
Nothing dream'd of jealousy ;

Open, gen'rous, kind and true;—
Such, alas! are very few.

* * * * *

V.

One bright, summer afternoon,
In the rosy month of June,
By a pure and purling rill,
'Neath a gently-sloping hill,
Where the cedars overhung,
And the soft-toned cushat sung,
Slowly wandered thro' the shade
Merton Howard and a maid.
She was fair—oh! very fair!
Soul-lit eyes and raven hair,
Which, all free and unconfin'd,
Streamed loosely in the wind.

VI.

Tell me not of Houris fair,
Dwelling—no one knoweth where!
Tell me not of fairy maids,
Roving thro' celestial shades,
In the groves of Paradise,
Lighting Heaven with their eyes!
Fancy gave them birth, I ween,
By her only are they seen.
Give me those that I can see,
Flesh and blood—reality.

Take your Houris, light and vain,
Offspring of Mahomet's brain!
Give me those that glide before
Eyes that view them and adore;
Forms as sylph-like as may be,
Breathing, moving, gracefully;
Cheeks that shame the opening rose,
When Aurora brightly glows;
Voices that our souls entrance,
Eyes that can return a glance;
Such the Houri of my song,
Such, we know, to *earth* belong.

VII.

Long, in secret, had they loved;
Oft, in secret, there they roved,
When the sun's declining rays
Made the neighb'ring mountains blaze;
When the village spire was bright
With reflected, living light.
Sometimes whisp'ring words of love,
Sometimes list'ning to the dove,
Perched upon the bending spray,
Pouring forth her plaintive lay.

VIII.

Now they came to where the rill
Left the windings of the hill,

Flowing onward, fair and free,
Thro' a wide and grassy lea;
Where the trees more scattered grew,
Scarce obstructive to the view.
There, beneath a hoary oak,
Pendent o'er the bubbling brook,
Did the lovers pause to view
Nature's beauties—ever new!

IX.

Sooth, it was a lovely scene!
All around was burnished green;
All above was bright and fair,
Boundless, cloudless azure there!
Gentle zephyrs whispered by,
Sweetly as a maiden's sigh,
Soft as guardian angel's breath,
Breathed around the bed of death.

X.

"Mary, I have often thought
This the sweetest, loveliest spot
Bard could wish, to wake his lay,
Or Love, to sigh his heart away.
Yonder mountains, high and hoar,

Furnish Fancy many a lore.
Oh! that I had power to wield,
In the fair, poetic field,
(Where so many strive in vain
For the prize that few can gain,)
Such a pen as Caledon
Yielded to her fav'rite son;
Then would I, beneath this tree,
Wake my harp to minstrelsy,
And sing in numbers, bold and high,
Things only seen by Poet's eye!
Vain the wish, and vain the thought;
Minstrel skill cannot be bought,
'Tis 'unteachable, untaught.'"

XI.

"Merton, nay"—the maid replied,
As a blush her features dyed,
And a rosy, roguish smile
Wreathed her ruby lips the while—
"Seek not thus a compliment
For the lines you lately sent;
They were good—considering
Who touch'd Apollo's hallow'd string!"
"I am sad, and thou art gay—
Sere November—smiling May—
Thus it is the wide world over;

Shade and sunshine, light and gloom,
Lie between us and the tomb!
  Thus it is with maid and lover;
He is gay in courtship's hour,
  Ere the trembling words are breathed;
She is languid as the flower
In fantastic garland wreathed!
But when once the words are spoken,
  When his plighted troth is given,
Then the mystic tie is broken!
  Then the magic spell is riven!
Casting off her pensive air,
  She is gay as morning roses;
All exempt from further care,
  In his love her faith reposes.
And curséd be the wretch that e'er
  Betrays the unsuspecting maiden!
May he the cup of anguish share,
  And his last hours be sorrow-laden!
Smile not at my warmth, dear maid,
I have *felt* what I have said;
Though it smack of bitterness,
  Though it shock thy moral feeling,
Still I cannot wish it less—
  'Tis my inmost soul's revealing;
Tho' it—ha!—who goeth there?
'Tis my school-mate, Henry Clare!
Shall I call him hither, fair?"

XII.

"No, Merton, no—let him pass by;
I almost dread his looks of late!
When last ye met, methought his eye
Shot glances stern of settled hate!
Perchance in that my fancy err'd,
But oh! I have strange rumors heard;
Hast thou not marked the altered tone,
The scornful smile his lips put on
When you converse? If thou hast not,
Then be what I have said forgot.
Let it fade as airy dreams
From the souls of sleepers vanish,
When the rosy, orient beams,
Shades of morning twilight, banish."

XIII.

"Yes, Mary—I have marked it all,
And I have paced my father's hall
For hours together—musing lone
On former days, forever flown,
When Henry Clare and I were friends.
Methinks the rivulet which wends
So stilly thro' the college-green,
Dear place of many a mirthful scene!
Bears witness to the debt he owes
One whom he classes with his foes.
God knows my heart—and Henry Clare

Remains the same as ever there!
I am his friend—bound by an oath
Which beareth equally on both;
But he, it seems, desires to sever
The tie he vowed should last forever.

XIV.

When, from that deep and sable tide,
I bore him helpless to the shore,
He quite forgot his native pride,
And kindly thanked me, o'er and o'er.
'Give me thy hand, my friend!' he cried,
'For bravely, nobly, hast thou done;
Whate'er our future lives betide,
Remember, Merton, *we are one!*'

XV.

Things light as air disturb our rest,
When jealousy becomes a guest.
Oh! they who would in friendship dwell,
Should guard their wayward passions well;
A look, a word, or tone awry
May sever friendship's brittle tie!
I long have known the reason why
He watcheth me with jealous eye:
Nay, start not, Mary!—not to thee
Belongs the evil—but to me;

I am the cause, and I will bide
Him and his frowns—alike defied!
But see!—the sun hath sunk to rest,
Beneath the brightly-beaming west;
Come, let us to our homes repair,
And better think of Henry Clare."

FRIENDSHIP.

PART SECOND.

I.

Evening's sable curtain fell
Silently on wood and dell:
Naught was heard on plain or hill,
Save the wailing whip-poor-will:
Naught was seen on earth or air,
  Save the firefly's little lamp,
Flashing brightly here and there,
  Over moor and meadow damp;
When, before his father's door,
  On the cool piazza pacing,
Merton Howard, o'er and o'er,
  His lone footsteps was retracing.
Softly, calmly, streamed the moon
  On his forehead, pale and high;
And his eye of azure shone
As serenely as her own,
  In the bright and boundless sky.
Oh! it was the minstrel hour,
And he felt its magic power.
Who, in manhood's sunny morning,
  Hath not felt the same,
When the Star of Love was dawning,
  Kindling into flame?

II.

Merton, as I've said before,
Fondly loved the minstrel lore;
And his genius, bright and strong,
Bore him buoyantly along
The ever-varied tide of song.
In the future and his Mary,
All his soul was centred then;
And his thoughts, (how thoughts will vary!
With the bard as other men,)
Came in measured cadence free,
Clothed in robes of poesy.

SONG.

When the evening skies are glowing
With a rich, vermilion hue,
And the zephyrs gently blowing,
Sigh the leafy forest through—

When the birds among the bowers,
Sing their farewell to the day,
And the bees forsake the flowers
For their homes, so far away—

When the milkmaid's cheerful ballad
Floats along the silent dale,
And Diana, wan and pallid,
Throws aside her azure veil—

Then, my dearest, will we wander
By the lovely Hudson's side;
I, thy cheerful, happy husband,
Thou, my modest, pleasant bride;

And those waters, smoothly flowing
To the fair and far-off sea,
No rude winds upon them blowing,
An index of our life shall be.

III.

The lover paused;—for, o'er his soul,
A secret sense of evil stole;
A sadness, better *felt* than *told*,
That *all* may *feel*, but *few unfold;*
A boding something, whispering low
The mournful notes of coming woe.
All he had fancied, seen, or heard,
Mysterious action, look, or word,
Before his vision quickly pass'd,
Like shadows o'er a landscape cast;
And Love and Anger, strangely blent,
A wildness to his features lent;
And hope and doubt, alternately,
Or blanch'd his cheek, or fired his eye.
'Twas but an instant:—Love and Faith
United are in life and death!

They rob the dungeon of its gloom,
And of its terrors reft the tomb;
They shed a halo o'er our way,
A quenchless light—a living ray—
Bright, cheering, omnipresent, free,
And beautiful, exceedingly.
And, though his mind was passion-tost,
And though his former friend was lost,
Ne'er to be won again,
The lover felt their influence,
Resistless, pure, sublime, intense,
And ended thus his strain—

"Come what will, this heart shall bide it!
Strong in right and purity,
All the ills that may betide it
Shall not shake its constancy.

Tho' my former friend forsake me,
Tho' he prove my deadliest foe,
Tho', in madness, he mistake me,
And forget his sacred vow;

Tho' his jealous passion sever
Every tie by friendship wove—
Yet, no act of his shall ever
Shake my faith in Mary's love.

Love, like hers, can never falter,
'Tis too heavenly, too divine;
And, before creation's altar,
She has promised to be mine."

IV.

Oh Love! eternal Love! thou art
What *all* can *feel*, but *few* can *tell;*
The diapason of the heart—
The light of heaven—the scourge of hell!
For thee, the hero draws his sword;
For thee, the maid in secret pines;
For thee, the votive lay is pour'd
In tuneful numbers—measured lines.
Each sterner passion yields to thee,
All, all absorbed in thee alone:
Thy light is shed impartially
Throughout the world—from zone to zone.
In festive cities thou art seen;
In lowly hamlets thou art known;
Thou smilest on the cottage-green,
As sweetly as around a throne.
In all—thro' all—thy breath divine
Breathes inspiration, fervently:
All own thy universal shrine,
And bow, the willing slaves of thee.

V.

There be, who say that *love*, at best,
Is but the "modern fair one's jest;"
That they who feel its influence,
Or think they feel, are void of sense;
That its deluded votaries
Are smit with something no one sees,
And sigh and dream their hearts away,
To wake, and find their charmers—*clay!*
True, there is many a modern fair
Who ill deserves the name they bear;
Whose lives are spent in coquetting,
And flirting round in folly's ring;
Whose chief ambition is to gain
The praises of some silly swain,
(Who knows no better than caress
Such apes of woman's loveliness!)
And reign the idol of his eyes,
In fashion's fitful vanities!
Yes,—such there are that live and move—
But deem not their vile passion *love!*

VI.

Oh! canst thou e'er forget the one
Thy heart hath singled from the world?
With whom to live and die alone,

Thou deem'st a happiness unknown
To those in Pleasure's vortex hurl'd!
Canst thou forget the words that fell,
In courtship's bright and sunny days,
From lips where music loved to dwell,
And harmonize her sweetest lays?
Canst thou forget the one who shares
Thy sorrow in affliction's gloom?
The partner of thy earthly cares,
And star that lights thee to the tomb?
Canst thou forget the one who joys,
When thou art joyous in thy mood?
Whose highest pleasure—only prize—
Is thee, and working for thy good?
Oh! if thou canst, thou ne'er hast known
The bliss of love—the light of heaven!
The greatest blessing to us shown,
The only lasting pleasure given.

VII.

The lover's lay was scarcely said,
Before he heard a horse's tread
Come clatt'ring o'er the ground;
And soon before the mansion fair,
A youthful rider, halting there,
Alighted with a bound.
With careless air he threw the rein

Upon the courser's flowing mane,
(For well that steed was taught to stand,
Train'd by a skillful master's hand,)
And turn'd his footsteps, light and free,
To where the mansion rose,
Lit by the moonbeams beauteously,
Serene in Night's repose.
He gave the greeting of the hour
To Merton, standing there;
And—what event can have the power
To blanch thy cheek so fair?
Not, Merton! surely not to *thee*
It bodeth evil augury,
That little scroll he gave?
Yet, wherefore is thy cheek so pale?
It cannot be with dread!
Thy heart is sheathed in virtue's mail,
And manhood crowns thy head!
I read—I read the tragic tale—
'Tis dark as ocean's midnight wave!
Pride, honor, friendship, love,
Contending in thy bosom now,
Throw paleness on thy cheek and brow,
And nerve thy heart to move!

VIII.

He look'd upon the scroll again,
Then thrust it in his breast—

"Go,—tell your master I am fain
To grant him his request!
I'll meet him with the morning's dawn."
No more was said—the horseman's gone.
And while his courser, fair and fleet,
Bounds briskly o'er the level street,
Please follow Merton to his room,
And thou shalt know as much as I:
Heed not his brow of sombre gloom,
Heed not his dark and threat'ning eye.
That brow was lately pale as death,
Late beam'd that eye with love alone;
But, while the sword is in its sheath,
Its metal is untried, unknown.
'Tis but the gust of passion sweeping
Over his features—soon 'twill pass;
And gentle as a maiden weeping,
Thou shalt behold him *what he was*.

IX.

The scroll is in his hand again,
And all his actions but discover
That it hath caused peculiar pain,
Known—only known—to friend or lover!
Hark! with a hoarse, sepulchral tone,
And voice that trembles as he reads,
He cons it o'er once more alone;
Ah me! his heart within him bleeds!

The ties of friendship and of love
Must be forever—ever broken!
In vain the voice of wisdom strove;
'Tis done!—*the fatal words are spoken!*

X.

TO MERTON HOWARD.

"Five years have pass'd since you and I
Were college boys, and dwelt together;
Few clouds have darken'd in our sky,
But now approaches stormy weather!
'Tis fortune sways our destiny,
And we must bow to her decree;
And love, and faith, and friendship yield,
When passion triumphs o'er the field.
There was a time—a happy time—
When youthful life was in its spring,
When Fancy's fairies smiled sublime,
And pleasure danced upon the wing!
When I had never seen the maid
Whose beauty stole my heart away:
Irradiate beauty!—such as play'd
Before my mind in earlier day;
Ere I had thought, beneath the skies,
There dwelt such form—there shone such eyes!
Ere I had thought, beneath the sun,
There lived a solitary *one*,

Who had the power to make my word
Light as the air that round me stirred!
And worthless as the memory
Of recreant friends—alas, like me!

XI.

Yes, Merton! yes—there was a time—
And oh! that I should say *there was!*
When I was all unknown to crime,
And we were bound by friendship's laws.
But time has altered—so have we!
We once were friends—we now are foes!
Then what availeth *this* from me?
'Tis idle as the wind that blows!
I long have known the mutual love
Which rules your own and Mary's breast;
And I have sworn by all above,
This heart shall know eternal rest,
Ere you shall clasp her willing hand
In Hymen's life-enduring band!
Yes, I have sworn it, and my oath
Shall prosper *one*, or ruin *both!*

XII.

This afternoon I saw you rove,
All hand in hand, and side by side;

And inly said—those links of love
I purpose shortly to divide!
Ay,—Mary shall be mine!—or I,
Or Merton Howard, soon shall die!
This world is all too small, I ween,
For both, while Mary stands between!
Since only one, not both, can share
Her wedded love—her faithful care.

XIII.

I've thought of every former tie,
And of the plighted word I gave,
When you so nobly—gallantly—
Retrieved me from a watery grave:
And even now, with all my heart,
I thank you for the gen'rous deed!
It claims from me a nobler part,
It claims from me a better meed:
And yet, oh! yet,—I cannot bend!
This stubborn soul is all too high;
So fare thee well, my noble friend!
It is the doom of destiny!
We'll meet again,—but meet no more
As we have ever met before;
We'll meet again—and meet to prove
How faithless Friendship yields to Love;
Yes—we will meet to-morrow morn,
Ere golden Phœbus kiss the lawn,

Prepared to bid a long adieu
To each—perhaps to Mary, too!

XIV.

You know the grove where we have play'd,
In happy childhood, many an hour;
Or sheltered 'neath its cooling shade,
When fierce the noon-day sun did pour;
Be *that* our place of meeting, then—
I *feel* we ne'er shall meet again—
And it were sweet to live or die
Beneath its rustling canopy.
Choose your own weapon—I've no choice;
Pistol or sword—'tis one to me;
And yet, in sooth, the former's voice
May draw unwelcome company!
No matter—it must soon be known—
So choose which of the two you please:
Remember, 'tis at early dawn,
Before the warblers leave the trees."

* * * * * *

XV.

It is the morn—it is the hour—
Why is not Merton at the grove?
Aurora lights the green-wood bower,
And warblers tune their hymns of love.
The dew is pearly on the lawn,

And, burnished by the rosy dawn,
Appears like gems, so rich and rare,
That sparkle bright in Beauty's hair.
Ye who have felt the flame of love,
In early manhood's golden glow,
Have felt your spirits borne above
This world, and all things here below!
Ye did not live as other men;
Ye did not think as others thought;
Ye trode the land of fairies, then,
And every scene was fancy-wrought!
The object of your dreams was one
That haunts the poet's fevered brain;
Such as we ne'er can gaze upon,
And only hope to see in vain.

XVI.

Yes,—ye who have experienced this,
Can tell why Merton *was not there.*
His every hope of earthly bliss
Was centred in one being fair:
His Mary!—could he leave her, then,
Without one fervent, fond adieu?
No! sooner shall the dew-drop stain
The opening rose it falls into!
Than he engage in mortal strife,
Without a parting word with her!—

She was the idol of his life,
And he her willing worshipper!

XVII.

Proud Henry Clare, already there,
Is chafing at the long delay:
His ardent spirit ill can bear
To brook his foeman's longer stay.
Each fleeting moment seems an hour:—
Slow wheels the sun above the hills,
Kissing the dew from every flower,
And burnishing the rills.
Hark! from the distant road there breaks
The echo of a horse's tread!
The blood is mantling in his cheeks—
'Tis eargerness! he knows not dread.
Near and more near the sounds arise,
'Till, in the distance, he descries
A horseman, briskly bounding forward—
The die is cast—'tis *Merton Howard!*

They met—alas! that it should be!—
They fought, and long—each bled in turn!
They fell—one wounded mortally!—
Victim of pride and jealousy,
Unhappy Clare! thy lamp hath ceased to burn.

XVIII.

Change we the scene :—the summer's fled,
And autumn paints the forest red ;
And mild, and bright, and beautiful,
The sun is sinking in the west ;
While gently-breathing zephyrs lull
The dying day to rest.
A cheerful band of old and young
Is gathered in a spacious hall ;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Seems suited to a festival.
And Mary—lovely Mary's there !
Gay as the rose that decks her hair,
Snatch'd from the stem on which it grew,
That morn, ere Phœbus kiss'd the dew,
And placed where ye behold it now,
By him who claims her nuptial vow,
As emblem meet of one so fair,
And badge of Merton Howard's care.

AFAR FROM THEE.

Afar from thee—my spirit now
Is brooding o'er the dreamy past;
And o'er my early-furrow'd brow
The shades of thought are thronging fast.
As turns the needle to the pole,
Forever with fidelity,
So turns the magnet of my soul,
Where'er thou art, my love, to thee.

Twelve years ago—they bear me back
To when I first beheld and loved thee;
And thro' their dim and devious track,
Light of my life! I well have proved thee.
Though clouds obscured our love's first rays,
And fortune's frowns around did hover,
Yet still those days were happy days,
For thou wert *constant* to thy lover.

Twelve years ago—do not these words
Revive the buried Past again?
Its joys, like melody of birds,
Its griefs, like madness in the brain?

'Tis midnight's silent, solemn hour;
Alone—afar from thee, am I;
Inspired by Love's own hallow'd power,
My feelings gush in poesy.

And memory loves to wander now
Amid the scenes thro' which we've passed,
As sunbeams, o'er the mountain's brow,
A bright and soften'd beauty cast;
So memory throws a halo o'er
The sunny scenes of courtship's days,
And makes each object, loved before,
Seem lovelier in its mellow rays.

Thine was a soul to brave the shock
Of Passion's fiercest, sternest strife;
And firmer far than "Ailsa rock,"
Thy *constancy*, my loving wife!
Fair was the day that saw thee mine,
And blest for aye its memory;
That love, that wedded faith of thine,
Is more than all the world to me!

When pleasure sparkles in my eye,
And health and happiness are given,
Thou art the sharer of my joy,
The partner of my earthly heaven!

And when disease and anguish come,
Or grief and wretchedness are mine,
Thou art a light within my home,
Whose constant beams forever shine!

Bright are the stars above me now,
And fair the moon amid the skies;
But fairer is thy placid brow,
And brighter are thy love-lit eyes!
They only glow in borrow'd light,
They but reflected lustre show;
But, from a soul forever bright,
Thy actions, thoughts, and beauties flow.

We scarce may know how strong the ties
That Love has woven 'round the heart,
Nor may we fully realize
How of ourselves they are a part—
'Till absence, distance, time, arise
Between us and our wedded love;
Oh! then we know how much we prize
That *love*, that *one*, all else above.

Farewell!—the midnight hour is waning,
The cricket chirrups dreamily,
The moon her downward course is gaining,
And still I pour my soul to thee!—

Farewell!—a few brief days of pleasure,
To thee, I hope, if not to me,
Must pass;—and then, my bosom's treasure!
I come, in rapturous love, to thee.

August, 1845.

SONG.

The Star of Hope beams brightly
In youth's unclouded sky;
The hand of Time lies lightly,
Ere life's first pleasures die!
Our passions and our feelings
Gush out in harmony:
The beautiful revealings
Of spirits pure and free!

In happiness and gladness,
The rosy hours glide on;
And not a cloud of sadness
Lowers in the horizon.
Oh! 'tis a dream of beauty!
The poetry of life—
Ere years of sterner duty
Unfold their scenes of strife.

The world is bright before us,
Our pathway strew'd with flowers,
A smiling heaven o'er us,
And every blessing ours:

In love, and all its treasures,
We revel joyously:
And can celestial pleasures,
Than these, more blissful be?

Oh! who would mar this picture,
Its beauty and its truth?
Or who, with stoic stricture,
Alloy the joys of youth?
Dark, dark must be the spirit
Would dash a scene so fair;
Fit only to inherit
The cowl and scapulaire!

IMMORTALITY.

"When coldness wraps this suff'ring clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?"—Byron.

The tide of Time, forever flowing on,
Bears our frail bubbles to eternity;
We live, we move, we perish, and are gone,
But whither, *whither* do our *spirits* flee?

The regal mind—the *intellectual man*—
All that which seems of immortality—
Does it conform to Nature's gen'ral plan?
Or does it to its parent fountain flee?

And *where* that fountain?—where great Nature's source?—
Does it exist in some afar-off place?
Or do we, in our ever-onward course,
Behold that fountain?—see our Maker's face?

The very thoughts which rush upon our minds,
Unsought, unbidden, uncontroll'd and free;
The ceaseless wanderings of the viewless winds,
The deep pulsations of the mighty sea—

The myriad stars which gem night's sable brow,
The spring's green freshness, and the summer's bloom,
Proclaim His omnipresence—and avow
Earth, Ocean, Heaven, His *universal home.*

And tho' our minds, forsaken by our clay,
Are all unfettered by each earthly tie,
They need not from their old endearments stray,
Nor leave this world for immortality.

The cares of earth attach to earth alone;
The soul, embodied, acts from sympathy;
But when our dust to kindred dust is gone,
Lo! Heaven is open, and the soul is free!

TO ——— ———,

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

This little tress of glossy hair—
  Of what is it, dear girl, the token?
Does it the badge of friendship bear?
  Or does it tell of love unspoken?

Friendship, alas! is but a veil,
  Worn to deceive by the deceiver;
As false, as fickle as the gale
  That sweeps the breast of yonder river!

Love,—pure, sublime, and passionless,
  On Beauty's cheek serenely smiling,
Points to the path of happiness,
  Enhancing joy and grief beguiling.

Yes, *Love:*—and naught beside, dear girl,
  Is worthy of the gift or giver!—
This tress is fairer than a pearl,
  And cherished more by the receiver.

I'll keep it for thy sake and mine,
  And fondly, proudly, will I wear it,
'Till fate our fortunes shall entwine,
  Or naught remain of ———.

ASPIRATION.

"I hope that I may still produce something which will survive me."—H. K. White.

Something that shall outlive me—
Some vestige for mankind;
Something that will revive me,
And call my name to mind,
When death's dark pall is o'er me cast,
And I am with the buried past.

Tho' vain, perhaps, and idle,
This foolish, fond desire;
Yet, yet I cannot bridle
The hope, that dare aspire
To leave some trace that I have been
An actor in life's chequered scene!

I *know* the wreath of glory,
Entwining Homer's name,
Cannot conceal his story,
Or hide his country's shame:
And more I know—who knows it not!
His is the Poet's common lot!

Yet do I burn to number
  Those deathless bards among,
Whose fame shall never slumber,
  Whose names are wed to song:
Beside their names to place my own,
Defying time—to death unknown!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

I do not fear to meet my doom,
Whatever it may be;
I do not fear the "hour to come,"
So veiled in mystery!
'Tis but the portal to a home
Of immortality.

The God of Nature placed me here,
And he can take me hence;
Nor do I grieve to leave this sphere
Of human heritance;
And few for me will lose a tear,
In friendship or pretence.

Thus far I've lived thro' good and ill,
Thus, still, I linger on;
And for the future—"not my will,
But thine, oh Lord! be done!"
Thou art all-merciful, and still
Rememberest thine own.

1834.

WOMAN.

Around thy name, oh woman! there
Is thrown a halo, which belongs
Not unto earth—a form, more fair
Than poets picture in their songs.

And, but for thee, this world were lone
And cheerless as some desert isle:
Where'er thou dwellest, love is known,
And happiness is in thy smile.

Thou art man's chart thro' good and ill,
The guide-star of his destiny;
Bow'd at thy shrine, his stubborn will
Half owns itself the slave of thee!

Through every adverse storm of life,
Thou standest firmly, yet resign'd;
To thee we fly from care and strife,
Where peace and virtue are enshrin'd.

PRAYER OF REASON.

Oh, thou Supreme, Almighty Cause!
Whatever be thy various name—
Who fram'd great Nature's perfect laws,
Sublime, eternal, and the same:

We know thee wise—creation wide
Displays thy wisdom everywhere;
We know thee just—naught is denied
That claims a parent's equal care:

We know thee merciful—replete
With mercy is the varied year;
In winter's cold and summer's heat,
Thy many mercies do appear:

We know thee good—yea, *goodness* is
Thy very spirit and thy name!
The earth, the heavens, and the seas
Alike thy goodness all proclaim.

Then why, oh universal Good!
Should we, thy children, bow in prayer,
And on thy sacred ear intrude
Our vain, imaginary care?

What can we pray for?—have we not
All that our sober senses crave?
Thou carest for our present lot,
If *need, canst care beyond the grave.*

If thou art omnipresent, thou
Canst see us, wheresoe'er we be;
And if omniscient, then our woe
And weal are surely known to thee.

And, if thou art omnipotent,
Thou canst control our destiny;
And wilt not doom to punishment
What ne'er had power to injure thee:

For, in our state of being here,
We had nor choice nor agency;
And Justice, Love, and Mercy are
The attributes ascribed to thee.

GOD'S HALLOWED DAY.

"The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Have painted yonder spire with gold;
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Long, loud, and deep its bell has toll'd."—SCOTT.

WHY call'd he *this* "God's hallow'd day?"
As if all other days were not;
Why bend to Superstition's sway,
That mighty minstrel—Walter Scott?
Oh! even he, whose genius now
Astounds the world from pole to pole,
Did, at the Bigot's altar, bow
The independence of his soul!

Strong is the spell that Error weaves,
In midnight madness, for mankind;
And deep the trace that Error leaves
Impress'd upon the human mind:
Bright must the rays of Science break,
And strong the power of Truth must be,
Ere men from Error's trance awake,
And think, and act, and dare be free!

Why call'd he *this* "God's hallow'd day?"
The world around him call'd it so—
And he, per force, must frame his lay
To please the minds of high and low:
God! that a soul like his should bend
To Superstition's iron thrall!
And from its native heaven descend
To spirit-bondage—worst of all!

'Tis sad to see the meanest slave,
That ever bowed to tyrant's ban,
Denied the boon which Nature gave,
And lost to all the rights of man;
But to behold the mighty mind
Of him who charm'd the world with song,
Stoop to the errors of mankind,
Might sorrow claim from Sibyl's tongue!

Why call'd he *this* "God's hallow'd day?"
Are not *all* days God's hallow'd days?
And do they not, alike, display
His goodness, majesty, and praise?
The sun as brightly shines as ever,
The feathered choirs as blithely sing,
As smoothly flows the limpid river,
As sweetly smiles the face of spring;

As gaily float the clouds above us,
As freely comes unbidden thought,
And deathless ties and passions prove us
The same at all times—do they not?
Oh! if the countless boons of Heaven,
Which every varying clime displays,
Are *blessings* to earth's children given,
Then are *all days* "*God's hallow'd*" *days!*

April, 1845.

SONG OF THE ENTHUSIAST TO HIS WIFE.

Come—the vesper star is beaming
In the rosy western sky,
And the silver moonlight gleaming
On the placid river nigh.

Birds among the boughs are sleeping,
They have sung their farewell lay,
And the dewy air is weeping
Over flow'ret, plant, and spray.

Come, and let us rove together,
For the while forgetting care:
We have braved Life's stormy weather,
And we will enjoy its fair.

On the shore of yonder river,
Where our young hearts first knew love,
And our spirits join'd forever—
By this moonlight we will rove.

Lovely June is decked with roses,
All around us breathes perfume;
While the ardent Day reposes,
Night is revelling in bloom.

'Tis the very hour for lovers,
Kindred thoughts their bosoms fill,
And a solemn silence hovers
Over nature—vast and still.

Save the song so faintly coming
From yon vessel, gliding by,
And the busy beetle, humming,
Naught is heard in earth or sky.

We have known Life's stormy weather—
Fortune frown'd upon our love,—
Pride and anger, leagued together,
'Gainst our union strongly strove.

Wealth, and honor, and dominion
Girt thee with united power;
But thy noble spirit's pinion
Rested in my humble bower.

And believe me, ever dearest,
Thine is no unworthy choice:
By the God whom thou reverest,
Nations yet shall hear my voice!

Smile not, loved one!—the free spirit
Cannot always brook control:
Mental power I do inherit—
Mine is not a plebeian soul!

Tho' I'm now obscure and lonely,
And by poverty beset,—
There's an orbit for me only,
And I'll fill that orbit yet!

Then in gladness will we wander,
Even as we wander now,
Where the Hudson's waves meander
'Neath the pine's o'erhanging bough—

And revive the truthful story
Of our old, romantic love;
While the stars, in all their glory,
Thro' yon realms of azure rove.

COMPLAINT OF THE MURDERED.

In a lonely glen in the Highlands wild,
Where the rude rocks frown around,
Where the speckled rattle-snake lies coil'd,
And the adder, too, is found;

Where the eagle stoops from his home in air,
And screams in the trees o'erhead,
And the gaunt wolf comes from her midnight lair,
To batten on the dead;

Where the howl of the wily fox is heard,
Ere day forsakes the sky,
And the sere leaves of the wold are stirr'd
By the panther, prowling nigh;

Where the bones of murdered travellers
Are bleaching white and bare,
And the moaning wind, in passing, stirs
Their scattered locks of hair;

Where the human form is never known,
Save when the murderer dread
Retreats to this charnel-place alone,
With the relics of the dead:—

'Tis there—'tis *there* that my restless ghost
Is wandering, night and day!
Afar from the friends I love the most—
From my children far away!

From the cherished wife of my bosom torn,
Ere life's meridian day,
And by ruthless murderers thither borne,
For birds and beasts a prey!

The rains have fallen on the spot
Where my life-blood stain'd the ground:
No trace remains—and my friends know not
Where my carcass may be found.

And if they e'er should find the place,
Think ye they'd *know me now?*
There's neither flesh upon my face,
Nor skin upon my brow!

The hair has fallen from my head,
And blows about at will;
The wolf upon my flesh hath fed,
And the eagle bathed his bill!

And many a bone, beside my own,
And many a skull lie there;
Some, like the stone, with moss o'ergrown,
And some just bleach'd and bare.

When the stars are out in the bright blue sky,
And the living are asleep;
When naught is heard save the panther's cry,
As she makes her fearful leap:—

Our spectre-troop—a ghostly train—
Is marching, noiselessly,
Afar from the glen, o'er hill and plain,
Each to his own countrie.

But when the cock first tells of day,
Ere day is seen by men,
Like frightened fawns we hie away
To our Highland haunt agen.

Last night as I stood beside my home—
The moon behind a cloud—
My wife was wailing my early doom,
My children weeping loud!

And in their desolation drear,
Upon my name did call:—
Oh! if I then had had a tear,
A tear I had let fall!

But the fount of life is frozen up,
And the fount of feeling dry;
And I have drain'd the last dread cup,
That all must drain who die.

Still my restless ghost is unappeased,
And unappeased must dwell,
Until my spirit is released
By a Christian burial.*

* A vulgar superstition.

TO A FLEA ON A LADY'S DRESS.

What want ye there, ye little devil?
Your object surely must be evil;
No good
Can come of such an imp uncivil,—
Ye thirst for blood!

Could ye not find, in yonder sty,
Enough of it to satisfy
Yourself?
But ye must slake your gluttony
On her, you elf!

That silken dress of stainless hue
Becomes not such a thing as you,
You plague!
Oh! if I durst, I'd give a clew
Would break your leg!

I hate ye as I hate a bore,
A recreant friend—or, what is more,
A *dun*,
When I have troubles by the score,
And money none.

Ye are a pest, by night and day,
A thief, that steals our life away,
At best,
When, snug and warm, we think to lay
At rest.

To see ye on some clownish churl,
Or even on some romping girl,
Were queer;
But then to see you on *that* pearl—
Oh dear!

If some departed ~~friend~~ had rose,
All ghostly from his cold repose,
I had been shock'd;
But to behold ye on *her* clothes,
My eyes seem mock'd!

'Tis ever thus with mortals here;
They can't submit to their own sphere
With grace,
But thrust themselves where they appear
Out of place.

Be still, nor keep a hopping so,—
Ye'll be upon her neck of snow,
Ye fool!
And then, I ween, ye'll meet a blow
Will lay ye cool!

There !—now ye're in a pretty plight !—
That lily hand has served ye right,
I told ye 'twould ;
And on that neck so fair and white,
Lies your own blood !

Men are alike, both great and small,
Alike they tread this giddy ball,
Poor elves !
They see their neighbors rise and fall,
But not themselves.

Whilst I was gazing at the flea,
Ensconced upon that fair ladie,
E'en *then*,
Perhaps, a *dozen* were seen on me,
By other men.

TO * * * *.

Dear Sal, do you remember
The joys of earlier day,
When you and I were sporting
In childhood's sunny ray?

How oft we stray'd together
Into the waving wood,
Where birds of every feather
Sang to the solitude.

How oft we paus'd and listen'd
Unto each passing song,
'Till, catching tune and number,
Again we stroll'd along.

And carelessly and joyfully
We wandered o'er the hills;
Or sought the vernal meadows
Beside the purling rills.

The violet and the lily
Were gathered by us there;
And garlands of them woven,
Did grace your glossy hair.

We loved the fruits and flowers,
The hills, and streams, and all;
And we loved to gather roses
Beside the garden wall.

We loved to rove together
Until the sun was low,
And even then, at parting,
Our tears would sometimes flow.

We loved to hear the birds sing
Their songs of joy and love,
Whilst rocking in the tree-tops,
Or soaring far above.

We loved our brothers, sisters,
Our parents, friends, and all;
But far, far more than either,
We loved each other, Sal!

Oh! those were days of pleasure,
Of innocence and joy;
You were a happy girl, then.
And I a happy boy.

But they are gone forever,
Alas!—and let them go:
'Twere idle to regret them,
They're gone—and be it so!

'Tis true, I fondly cherish
Their memory, even now;
But thought of them hath never
Thrown sadness on my brow.

Tho' fortune ne'er united
Our hands in Hymen's tie,
You're wedded to another,
And so, dear Sal, am I.

And tho' we loved so fondly,
Some fifteen years ago,
Remembrance should not shadow
Our present life with woe.

THE DISCARDED LOVER'S APPEAL.

In a land of strangers roving,
Distant from my friends and home,
Thou didst break the bonds of loving,
Thou didst coldly seal my doom.

All the pride within me glowing
Deeply felt the sting of shame:
All the blood within me flowing
Boil'd like Etna's breast of flame!

Ev'ry passion—ev'ry feeling—
Woke, at the alarum bell;
To my inmost soul revealing
All the troubled sense of hell!

Not one reason couldst thou give me,
Not one reason canst thou give;
Thou didst cruelly deceive me,
Thee I never did deceive.

Thou hast lent thine ear too kindly
To the mock-bird's siren song;
Thou hast listened to it blindly,
'Till thou art beguil'd to wrong!

I have loved thee, well thou knowest—
Thou hast never felt the flame,—
Still I love—where'er thou goest,
I am with thee—aye the same.

For one moment calmly ponder,
Ere thou cast me all away;
Let thy thoughts one moment wander
Thro' the scenes of earlier day.

There are things thou canst discover,
In thy faithful memory,
Things all carelessly "glanced over,"
Hitherto, by thee and me.

Need I name them?—no—I need not:
Conscience whispers them to thee:—
For myself I'll further plead not,—
Thine own bosom pleads for me!

Tho' my love is unavailing,
Still I cannot love thee less;
Tho' my sorrow, oft prevailing,
Bows my soul in bitterness;

Tho' my pride, that ne'er knew kneeling,
Urgeth all it can suggest;—
Still, oh! still, the same pure feeling
Reigns triumphant in my breast.

Fare thee well, unfeeling maiden!
We may never meet again;
I must linger, sorrow-laden—
Canst thou revel in my pain?

VALEDICTORY LINES

TO EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE.

Departed Year, farewell!—thy reign
Can never be revived again:
With plants that grew and buds that bloom'd,
Thou, too, art with the past entomb'd;
They perish'd in the summer air,
And thou art with the things that *were:*
With snow, that, in thy infancy,
Spread a white mantle over thee,
With the glad hours of merry May,
With flowers that bloom'd in June so gay,
With leaves that danced in Autumn's spray,
And with the last December day.
Thou hast no immortality,
Beyond what man awardeth thee;
Thy spirit owns no future state,
Thy life no power can renovate;
And yet, departed Year! thy name
Is written on the roll of Fame,
Blent with a thousand memories
Of public and of private worth;
And will endure for centuries,
Tho' thou art perished from the earth.

And thou, in thy brief reign, hast seen
Far more of human life, I ween,
Than e'er was writ in history,
From Moses to the present day;
Or e'er was sung in poesy,
From Homer's line to Halleck's lay.
All thou hast seen I may not tell,
It far surpasseth me to know;
Nor is it mine to chronicle
So much of human weal and woe.
Thou saw'st a Nation's jubilee,
The earth was glad from sea to sea,
And millions hail'd with proud acclaim,
Their venerable chieftain's name!
And, ere the moon twice fill'd her horn,
Thou sawest that same Nation mourn;
Her fav'rite chieftain's toils were done—
My country wept her HARRISON!

Thou saw'st Ambition's rise and fall;
Saw'st mortal hopes and pleasures pall;
Saw'st thousands big with human pride,
Who now are sleeping side by side;
Some in their cool and quiet graves,
And some in ocean's coral caves.
Saw'st friends estranged by jealousy,
Who long shall weep the broken tie;

Saw'st Love, in passion's stormy hour,
Destroy his own sweet, rosy bower;
And saw'st him, when the storm was staid,
Bewail the ruin he had made.
Saw'st ruthless Murder bare her brand,
And bathe in kindred blood her hand!
Oh! deepest, darkest, deadliest crime,
And first upon the page of Time.
But with the lapse of ages gone,
Thou art, and with thee many a one,
Whose cherished names, with thine entwin'd,
In Memory's temple are enshrin'd.

When thou wert in thy summer glow,
And beauteous Nature fair to see,
And gentle breezes, breathing low,
Bore health and gladness far and free;
When songsters poured their melodies
In tuneful numbers from the trees;
When fields of gently-waving grain
Were seen on every hill and plain;
And all around, so fair and gay,
Made life seem one long holiday,
And all below, and all above,
Seem'd made for man, and made to love;
Then, when each scene that meets the eye
But makes us doubly dread to die,

And when each sound that greets the ear
But makes existence doubly dear—
My brother bow'd to thee, oh Death !
In early manhood's golden glow :
I saw him yield his latest breath,
I saw him in the grave laid low !
And never, while my memory
Gives earnest of fidelity,
Can I forget that solemn scene,
Tho' time and space may intervene.
I loved thee, Brother ! for thy worth ;
A noble soul thou didst inherit ;
God's blessing on thy couch of earth,
God's blessing on thy gen'rous spirit!

And Marianna*—where is she ?
The young, the beautiful, the good—
With him who died on Calvary,
With those who lived before the Flood:
In that dominion of the Dead,
Which echoes to no living tread.
Fair as the fairest rose of spring,
Bright as the brightest gem of even,
And lovely as the loveliest thing
That comes to earth, and goes to heaven ;

* Eldest daughter of Saul Alley, of New York.

She lived in beauty—like the moon,
  Thron'd 'mid her satellites on high,
And died in beauty—all too soon—
  As summer roses live and die.
Oh! mine is not a harp to sound
  The cheerless notes of grief alone,
For it hath chords in which abound
  Full many a gay and joyous tone.
But *feeling* lies beyond our ken,
  And nature mocks at our control,
And sorrow heeds not reason, when
  She fain would soothe the anguish'd soul.
In every state of being here,
  From palace hall to cottage hearth,
Whether life's leaf be green or sere,
  In all who are of mortal birth,
The fount of feeling *will* o'erflow,
Be it with pleasure or with woe.

Departed Year! with thee began
  My lay—with thee my lay must end;
Brief as thy transitory span,
  Sad as the memory of a friend.
In every clime thy name was known—
  Where Lusitania rears her vine,
Where peasants dance beside the Rhone,
  Where princes revel by the Rhine;
Where cold Norwegia's barren heath

Looks down upon a kindred soil;
Where fair Italia's balmy breath
Wakes man's delight, and nature's smile;
Where classic Greece—from ruin'd fane,
And tott'ring tower, and temple hoar,
Looks out upon the world again,
And claims her birth-right as of yore;
Where olive groves and myrtle bowers
Fling out their fragrance on the breeze,
And Georgia's lovely paramours
Luxuriate in listless ease;
Where Harems teem with bright black eyes,
And throng'd Seraglios captives hold,
And virtue falls a sacrifice
To Turkish lust and Turkish gold;
Where the dark Danube rolls his wave
Thro' realms of superstitious awe,
And man, of fellow-man the slave,
Bows to the despot's iron law;
Where Freedom's banner, once unfurl'd,
Waved for a season proudly free,
And show'd to an admiring world
What men will dare for liberty!
Unhappy land! thy mournful fate
Throws gloom upon the patriot's brow:
A vassal, wreck'd, and ruin'd state
Is *all* that *is* of Poland now!
Land of the valiant and the brave!

Tho' razed from nations of the earth,
Thy name will live—for thine the grave
Of Kosciusko!—thine his birth!
Where Switzerland—the land of Tell—
Still glories in her scenery,
And glaciered Blanc, o'er hill and dell,
Dazzles afar the trav'lers eye;
Where haughty England, strong in pride,
Old Ocean's queen and sov'reign yet,
Boasts of her realms, extended wide,
In which the sun doth never set;
Where Scotia—home of old Romance—
Still, still deserves her ancient name,
Altho' no more with sword and lance
She urges Freedom's rightful claim:
For arts and science flourish there,
And man asserts his dignity,
And city, town, and country wear
The aspect of a nation free;
And, more than these—the world awards
Her honors, ne'er to be forgot,
As nurse of heroes and of bards,
Of Bruce and Wallace—Burns and Scott!
Where Erin—"Niobe of Nations"—
Still bows beneath Oppression's weight,
Yet shows, in all her tribulations,
Her ancient spirit, high and great.
Poor Erin!—tho' in slavish thrall,

'Tis thine to boast some noble names,
That, thro' all coming ages, shall
Be Freedom's, Honor's, Truth's and Fame's!
And thou, departed Year! wert known
Beyond the pale of Christendom;
Where rise the Mountains of the Moon,
And where Zaharian Arabs roam;—
Where Iran's rivers sweetly flow
Ambrosial citron groves among,
And while the stars of midnight glow,
Is heard the bulbul's mellow song;—
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Wherever shines the radiant sun,
As universally as God,
Thy name, departed Year! was known.
And thou hast seen in every land—
What every land has seen in thee—
Boon Nature's omnipresent hand
Bestowing blessings bounteously;
And man, creation's lord, the same
As in creation's morning hour,
Unchang'd in being and in name,
In passion, pride, and power.
Yet, with the lapse of ages gone,
Thou art,—and with thee many a one,
Whose cherished names, with thine entwined,
In memory's temple are enshrin'd.
And oh! while my life's bark shall glide

Adown Time's ever-ebbing tide,
Departed Year! thy name will dwell
Upon my spirit like a spell,
And calling recollections up
Of buried worth, brim feeling's cup.

CONSTANCY.

"Constancy! thy name is woman!"

The ship was weighing anchor,
Her pennon stream'd on high,
When Oscar left his Ellen,
Compell'd by destiny.

"Adieu! I now must leave thee,
The parting hour has come:
Adieu! my lovely Ellen—
Adieu! my native home.

Tho' doom'd, alas! to sever,
We yet shall meet again:
The light of love shall guide me
Across the rolling main!

I leave thee poor and lonely,
Nor can I seek thee more,
'Till fickle fortune, smiling,
Unlock her golden store.

If, in thy Oscar's absence,
Some tempter try thy heart,
Sheathed in the mail of virtue,
Thou canst defy his art.

I need not tell thee, Ellen,
The meed of constancy:
Let Wisdom be thy Mentor,—
'Tis all I ask of thee."

When Oscar left his dwelling,
Ellen remain'd alone;
And nothing could allure her
From its rude walls of stone.

Tho' she was young and comely,
And many a gallant strove
To wean her from her duty,
She spurn'd their impious love.

The rolling years had numbered
Their annual courses three,
Yet still she clung to Oscar,
And lov'd his memory.

And tho' the news had reach'd her
That Oscar was no more,
'Twas all in vain—her virtue
Was spotless as before!

One stormy winter evening,
When all around was still,
Save when the loud wind whistled
Thro' forest, bleak and chill;

As she was sitting pensive,
And musing on the past,
And dewy tears were stealing
Adown her features fast,

She heard a gentle knocking,
Arose, and oped the door,
When, lo! her faithful lover
Had sought his love once more!

To paint that happy meeting,
Would but prolong my lay:
Tears were their only greeting,
Words they could not essay.

He brought her wealth and honor:
They lived in pleasure long:
In peace their days were ended,
And with them ends my song.

TO * * * *.

Oh! had we never, never met!
Oh! had we never, never loved!
Or could we, even now, forget
The tie which bound us—binds us yet—
We might be happy—far removed!

But fate decrees that we shall be,
Like islands in a stormy sea,
Where space must ever intervene,
And billows darkly roll between—
Forever near, and yet apart:—
Be hush'd, be hush'd, my breaking heart!

LOUISE.

'Twas when the Bowery's galleries
Were echoing the name of Booth,
I heard the lovely, lost Louise
Relate this simple tale of truth.

My home was in the Highlands,
Beside the Hudson fair,
And sixteen sunny summers
I lived in pleasure there.
Oh! many a happy moment
Of innocent delight
I pass'd in shady bowers,
Beneath the western height,
And gazed upon those waters,
So beautiful and bright.

They're gone!—those happy moments—
Ah, gone forever more!
And I am left all lonely,
Their exit to deplore:
Like summer flowers they wasted,
When I was free from care,

But memory of their sweetness
Tells me of my despair;
And oh! my dear, dear parents—
They live!—they linger there!

At midnight's silent hour,
Beneath my lattice high,
My lover tuned his numbers,
And call'd on me to fly:—
"Oh! come," he said, in accents
So softly sweet to me—
"And we will rove together
Upon the deep blue sea;
And thou shalt be my mistress,
And I will serve but thee.

And when our gallant frigate
Booms thro' the briny foam,
We'll love away the hours,
And talk of friends and home.
I know thy doting parents
Will pardon thee, my dear!
Then will we ask their blessing
And fix our dwelling here,
And revel in life's pleasures
For many a happy year."

'Twas moonlight on the waters—
The evening air was balm—
The bird of night was singing,
And the river's breast was calm;
The flowers of June were breathing
From garden, grot, and grove;
My lover's bark was waiting,
Below us, in the cove;
Oh! 'twas the very hour
For romance, and for love!

I loved—I listen'd—yielded—
Together did we flee;
And from that ill-starr'd moment,
I date my destiny!
Oh! look around you, stranger,
Those wretched girls you see,
With smiles upon their faces,
And hearts where misery
Reigns sole and undisputed—
They're sisters, all, to me!

Yes,—they and I are sisters,
In guilt, remorse, and shame!—
Go listen to their stories,
You'll find them much the same:
They once were known to Virtue,
And dwelt with her awhile,—

Made glad the hearts of parents,
And lived in Fortune's smile;
Yet fell by base deceivers,—
The victims of their guile.

But wherefore do I wander?—
Forgive a wretched maid!
The hollow world, it knows not
The woes of the betray'd!
The pure affections, withered
By cold neglect and scorn;
The feelings which are gendered
By being left forlorn,
An outcast from the circle
Where we were bred and born!

It may be right—I blame not
The loathing of the good;
I've felt the self-same horror
With which I now am view'd,
When I have gazed upon them,
The ruin'd and the lost,
Ere in the dreadful vortex
My bark of life was tost,
And each high hope of being
Was blasted, blighted, cross'd.

We fled—we wed—we parted—
Oh! need I tell you why?
My lover was a villain!
A ruined girl was I!
And naught that he had promised
Was ever realized,
And all that he had uttered
Was treachery, devised
To triumph o'er the ruins
Of Virtue, sacrificed!

What could I do?—abandon'd
By him I once had loved,
My very heart seem'd breaking,
As thro' the world I roved!
Avoided, loathed, forsaken,
By ev'ry former friend,
No ray illum'd the future:
The star of hope could send
No light upon my pathway—
My peace was at an end.

You know those dens of darkness,
Where harlots hide their shame,
And midnight riot revels
In what I blush to name!
I sought one!—Need I further
Relate my story now?

'Tis stamp'd upon my features,
'Tis written on my brow,
In characters too open
For me to disavow!

Hark! now the play is ended!
The name of Booth again
Peals thro' these lofty arches,
The Drama's classic fane.
Farewell! I'll seek my partner
Amid the thoughtless throng,
And to my lonely lodging
I'll hie with him along,
And drown my shame and sorrow,
In wassail, wine, and song!

Amid the throng she vanish'd,
I saw her not again:
Her language, looks, and story
Touch'd me with sorrow then.
She had seen brighter hours,
Had been admir'd and loved,
Had been the hope of parents,
In life's high circles moved,
But left the path of virtue,
And sin and sorrow prov'd.

TO * * * * *.

"When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone"—Scott.

How slowly glides each varied hour,
When I am absent from my love!
Nor scene nor pleasure has the power
My melancholy heart to move.

As the caged eagle pines to soar
Thro' the free realms of air again,
I long the hour when I once more
My Mary to my breast shall strain.

And, tho' surrounded by my friends,
And hail'd by many a joyous tone,
I feel like one who feebly wends
Some solitary way alone.

No star of pleasure shines on me,
Save *one* whose rays are shed afar,
Forever shining beauteously—
And thou, my dearest, art that star!

Oh, Mary! what were wealth or fame,
If they were all unblest by thee?
A bauble light! an empty name!
Unvalued and unsought by me.

I'd rather that the meanest cot
Should be my home, if blest with thee,
Than share, without, a monarch's lot,
With all its power and pageantry!

Yes, dearest! thou art so entwin'd
With every feeling of my heart,
That thou art ever in my mind,
And with me—wheresoe'er thou art.

A SKETCH.

'Twas summer night—and such a night
Might tempt an angel from high heaven!
The air was bathed in mellow light,
And radiance to the earth was given,
Such as the moon and stars alone
Can give—a radiance all their own.
A fragrance wandered from the trees,
A dewy freshness in the breeze;
And on the river's shining breast,
The stars were dancing, fair and free;
And o'er the mountain's silver'd crest,
The moon look'd down approvingly;
And all the landscape, far and near,
In that delightful atmosphere,
Seem'd dream-like, heaven-like, and serene,
Like fairy or enchanted scene.
A strain of music met the ear,
So ravishingly rich and clear,
An angel's voice could scarce have given
A sweeter note to gladden heaven!
Like balm upon our souls it fell;
It charm'd our senses like a spell;
And as it softly, slowly died
In distance, o'er the waters wide,
Not one who heard that mellow strain,
But wish'd it might awake again!

DEATH.

Dread Monarch of the grave! thou art
The doom of all created things:
Before thee pales the stoutest heart,
From earth's poor peasants to her kings.

In vain may mild Religion breathe
Her soothing lessons to the soul,
And round the trembling spirit wreathe
A garland for its final goal.

And philosophic Reason, too,
Must ever spend in vain her breath;
There is a chord, beyond her view,
Which trembles at thy touch, oh Death!

To cease to live—to be again
Resolved to dust and nothingness,
Is Nature's law—and must remain
The order of a world like this.

And yet we view that law with fear,
Because it severs earthly ties:
And strong around our souls *they are*,
Stronger than faith in paradise!

Oh Death! howe'er we dread thy blow—
And all do dread it, young and old—
Thou art man's friend and not his foe,
And thy commission is twofold :—

It sets us from our sufferings free,
It points us to a place of rest,
Where we may sleep most peacefully
Within our common mother's breast.

CHARITY.

Free as the dew of heaven
  Descends on plant and tree,
And as the stars of even
  Diffuse their brilliancy,
To all mankind be given
  The meed of charity.

We know not one another:
  The passions, high and strong,
Which sway thy erring brother,
  May not to thee belong:
Perhaps he could not smother
  The act thou deemest wrong!

Whate'er the act—extend it
  The meed of charity;
We never can amend it,
  Whatever it may be;
And Nature's laws defend it,
  Before his God and thee!

Then, as the lights of even
On all shine equally,
To all mankind be given
The meed of charity:
Oh! 'tis the boon of heaven,
As beautiful as free!

WASHINGTON.

Foremost on thy country's pages,
  Foremost in thy country's fight,
And, among her civil sages,
  Foremost in the cause of Right—
It was thine to live and die
An honor to humanity!

Calm, amid discordant factions—
  Calm, upon the battle-field—
All thy works, and words, and actions,
  Thy true greatness but revealed!
And placed thee, where thou standest still,
Upon Fame's topmost pinnacle!

Like a planet brightly beaming,
  Thou art seen by every eye;
And the glory from thee streaming,
  Lights the world's dark destiny!
It has wakened many a sage,
It has brighten'd many a page.

Tyrants see it, and with terror—
  Patriots hail it with delight—
And the reign of Wrong and Error

Yieldeth to the reign of Right:—
Guided by the light from thee,
Nations seek Democracy!

And they find it—truth is breaking
O'er the world, both far and fast;
Men, a mighty effort making,
Prove that they are men, at last!
And that all are, equally,
Heirs of God and Liberty.

Lo! the thrones of Europe totter!
Gallia's* freemen are awake!
And the mighty truths they utter,
Empires, to their centres, shake!
Inspiration, caught from thee,
Nerves the nations to be free.

While the stars revolve in heaven,
While the car of time shall run,
Thou shalt live in glory, even
As thy glory has begun—
First of heroes and of sages,
Throughout all revolving ages!

* Written soon after the abdication of Louis Philippe.

"OUR COUNTRY'S QUARREL."

(Written in the early stage of the Mexican war—soon after the surrender of Monterey.)

"Stand thou by thy country's quarrel,
Be that quarrel what it may;
He shall wear the greenest laurel
Who shall greatest zeal display."—T. G. SPEAR.

WHAT boots the "greenest laurel" wreath,
If wet with tears and stain'd with blood?
'Tis fouler than the Siroc's breath!
And loathed by all the just and good.
The cypress were a fitter wreath
For those who do the work of Death,
Unless inspired by Freedom's breath.

Shame to the Bard whose lyre is strung
To sound Dishonor's praise afar!
Tho' prostituted Press and tongue
Commend Oppression's coward war—

The bard—the bard should ever be
The champion of humanity,
From prejudice and error free.

There's blood on Palo Alto's plains!
And in Tampico's sunny sands!
That blood once flow'd in Christian veins,
That blood was shed by Christian hands!
Oh! wherefore was it shed? wherefore
Do we invade a foreign shore?
Or drench a foreign soil with gore?

Look up along the Rio Grande—
What desolation meets thine eye!
What monuments of ruin stand
Amid its lovely scenery!
The Fiend of War has revelled there!
And hamlet, cot, and country bear
Marks of his presence everywhere.

Gaze on Monterey's ruined walls,
On fallen Matamoras gaze—
The very sight thy soul appals!
And yet thou joinest in the praise
Of those who laid those cities low,
Who hurl'd the death-shot—struck the blow—
And made the blood in torrents flow!

Hark! every bland and balmy breeze,
That comes from far-off Mexico,
Oppress'd with human miseries,
And with the widow's wail of woe—
Brings something that we should not hear,
Brings something that should pain our ear,
And wring from every eye a tear!

Those bloody battles fought and won—
What are they worth? what have they cost?
What have they for our country done?
What have they for our country lost?—
They've won for her a conqueror's name,
Leagued with dishonor and with shame!
And lost her early, honest fame!

Millions of treasure, too, they've lost—
But oh! the loss of human life
Is ever greatest—ever most,
In War's unblest, unholy strife!
What is the shout of victory,
But War's appalling minstrelsy?
The death-dirge of humanity!

Why ride our ships on foreign seas?
Why seek our troops a foreign foe?
Why streams our banner on the breeze
Of fair and sunny Mexico?

Why comes the widow's wail afar,
Blent with the awful notes of War?
Canst answer *why* these sad things are?

Is it because insulted Right
Seeks to enforce an honest claim?
No!—'tis because oppressive Might
Seeks to extend his wide domain!
Regardless of a Nation's laws,
With scarce the shadow of a cause!
God! who can give such deeds applause?

For this, are countless orphans made,—
For this, are cities hurl'd to dust—
And War, that most unholy trade,
Is flattered, honored, and call'd "just!"
Oh Heaven! that such things e'er should be,
In this the nineteenth century
Of peaceful Chistianity.

Where are the hearts that felt for Greece,
And wept o'er Poland's funeral day?
Where are the partisans of Peace?
Of Right? of Justice? Where are they?
Mute is their voice!—or only heard
In warnings, like the prophet's word,
Who wields the sword shall feel the sword!

Why is the statesman's voice unheard?
Why sleeps the God-taught Poet's pen?
Shall Nations' rights be sepulchred,
And all respond *amen! amen!*
Ye civil Fathers! can it be?
Have you no souls of sympathy
For justice and humanity?

Awaken from your lethargy!
The influence that you possess
Can rule a nation's destiny,
Can curse her fortunes, or can bless.
Will ye not use it while ye may?
Will ye not work, while yet 'tis day,
For Peace and for America?

Avert the military flood,
Which threatens to o'erwhelm our land;
Some upstart hero, drunk with blood,
Will soon aspire to its command!
'Twas ever thus—the ghost of Rome,
From crumbling fane and ruin'd dome,
Warns of the evil that may come!

December, 1846.

BALLAD.

On that green and sunny mountain,
Where the wilding roses grow,
Near a lone and limpid fountain,
Lived a maiden—long ago.

Flower-wreaths, on that mountain's bosom,
Never fairer were than she!
And the lily's snowy blossom
But defines her purity.

She was once a village maiden,
She had reign'd a village belle,
Ere her mind, with grief o'erladen,
Wandered from its citadel.

Of the many suitors round her,
One alone beguiled her heart:
In that heaven where he found her,
Could he play a demon's part?

Could he!—read the mournful story,
Rudely graven on that stone,
Where the weeping-willow, hoary,
Stands beside her grave, alone.

When that willow there was planted—
When that maid was lowly laid—
Dolefully a dirge was chanted,
Solemnly a prayer was said.

Fair, white hands strew'd roses o'er her,
Low, soft voices sweetly sung;
Deeply did they all deplore her—
They—the lovely and the young.

Brief the words that there are written,
But they are enough to tell
That her heart was rudely smitten,
By the one it loved too well!

Vainly would ye seek her dwelling,
Time hath razed it—long ago—
But that fountain still is welling,
Where the wilding roses grow.

BALLAD.

When the Hudson's waves are gleaming
In the moonlight's mellow ray,
Lovely Ellen lonely wanders,
From her dwelling far away.

When the rose of youth was blooming
On her soft and snowy cheek,
And the world was bright before her,
Edwin did her dwelling seek.

Earnestly he woo'd and won her—
She became his happy bride—
And where now she wanders lonely,
Oft they wandered side by side.

They were loving, loved and lovely;
Life to them was full of bliss—
Three glad, sunny summers brought them
Pleasures, health, and happiness.

But a sudden change came o'er them!
Duty beckon'd him afar:
Oh! that man should e'er be summon'd
By the tragic voice of War!

On the field of Cerro Gordo,
Edwin slumbers with the slain!
When the awful news was brought her,
Reason fled her fevered brain.

Now, a wretched maniac, roving
Thro' the scenes of former bliss,
The once gay and lovely Ellen
Dreams no more of happiness.

POVERTY vs. RICHES.

I MARVEL not that some are poor,
And beg their bread from door to door;
That abject want and poverty
Seem woven with their destiny;
Imprudence and improvidence
Have made them their inheritance;
Not *Nature*—she bestows on all
Who ask by "labor's earnest call."
Too proud to earn, by manly toil,
Their food and raiment from the soil;
Too indolent to work at aught
By which a living may be wrought,
By which thy boon, Prosperity!
Is made, like heaven's own sunlight, free—
They live in woe, in want, and shame,
And thee, impartial Nature! blame:—
God!—what excuse and what pretence
Are fram'd by envious Indolence!

I marvel not that some can ride
Along life's road in pomp and pride,
Can live in luxury and ease,
And do and have whate'er they please.

They, or their fathers, well have wrought—
By toil is independence bought—
By toil their fortunes have been made,
In useful arts or honest trade:
The *means* which nature's laws afford,
They used, and theirs the sure reward.
By them the loom and plow were sped,
With earnest zeal and industry;
By them, the wings of commerce spread
To every wind—o'er every sea;
And money flow'd at their command,
Like water 'neath the prophet's wand!
When means like these, and thousands more,
Are pointing to prosperity,
The sluggard, begging at thy door,
Is scarce a child of charity.

THE MUSIC OF THE GRINDING SHOE.*

Few are they that ever listen
To that music, strange and sweet,
Which pursues them as they wander
Thro' the city's peopled street.

The successful hero hears it,
Statesman, politician, too,
And the truly gifted poet—
But, of many, these are few!

Useful artists, busy tradesmen,
Plodding farmers, toiling on,
Never hear that witching music,
Never catch its thrilling tone.

They may swell its grateful anthem,—
But they do it unaware,
As the winds that lightly wander
Make æolian music rare.

* "The grinding of the shoe upon the pavement as the passer-by turns to look after."—N. Parker Willis.

Ye who madly strive to hear it,
  Wasting strength, and time, and toil—
Is it worth the pains you're taking?
  Will it pay for "midnight oil?"

Ask of those whose course hath led them
  Where its cadence frequent flows,
Whether it rewards their labor—
  Young aspirants! ask of those.

TO PARENTS.

Oh Parents! pause, ere ye essay
To bar young Love's resistless way;
Prompted by vain and foolish pride,
The effort often has been tried;
As often has it fail'd, or been
The cause of sorrow, grief, or sin.
Ye never can command the mind,
Ye never can compel the heart;
As well attempt to stay the wind,
Or bid the raging storm depart!
'Tis yours to counsel and advise,
To warn from the deceiver's path,
To point where hidden danger lies,
But *all in love*, and *naught in wrath!*
With *these*, a parent's duties end,
And these they never should transcend;
For, if these fail love's course to sway,
You need not other means essay:
Despite each rash and wrong endeavor,
Love will assert his right forever!
And it is just—ordain'd of Heaven,
The right of choice to all is given;

And they who would coerce the heart,
But play the tyrant's hateful part;
And they who yield to such control,
Have neither love, nor heart, nor soul!

SONG.

(FROM "BEVERLEY"—AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

If all too ardent be my song,
If all too earnest be its tone,
Forgive—forgive the seeming wrong,
Or charge it to my love alone.

Oh! but to make thee mine, Louise!
Forever mine, is all my aim;
Without thee, what were Fortune's prize?
Without thee, *what* the meed of Fame?

An empty bauble!—all unsought—
An empty treasure!—nothing worth!
Without thee, all to me is naught,
But *with thee, heaven descends to earth!*

Oh! wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
Thine image ever dwells with me;
Amid the peaceful scenes of home,
Where Bronx meanders silently;

Or in the camp's monotony,
Or on the stirring battle-field—
Thine image ever dwells with me,
Thy presence ever is reveal'd!

As the bright waves of distant Loire
Are mirrored in thy memory,
And childhood scenes, along its shore,
Rise thro' the mist of years to thee;

As comes remembrance of that river,
Laden with pleasures, unto thee,
So comes—*and so will come forever,*
The hour that gave thy love to me!

TO SLAVERY.

Blot upon our country's pages!
  Mocker of her liberty!
Who, that lives in after ages,
  Will believe that it could be
That Earth's most enlightened nation
Gave *thee* honor, power and station?

That a Christian people, ever
  Boasting Freedom's only chart,
Should, by every foul endeavor,
  Aid thee, demon as thou art!
And perpetuate thee long,
With thy deep and damning wrong?

Damning wrong—that ever rises,
  With its victims' groans, to God!
Yet our law its cry despises,
  And upholds the tyrant's rod—
Hurls the captive to the earth—
Crushes freedom at its birth—

But there is a law, that teaches
Truth, and right, and liberty;
Strong that law, and far it reaches,
Over land and over sea—
'Tis implanted in each mind
Of the whole of human kind.

Thrones, before that law, now totter—
Mitres, to the earth are hurled;
And the truth its champions utter,
Stirs the pulses of the world!
They proclaim *Equality*—
Hear and tremble, *Slavery!*

Yes! dark monster! thou art fated—
Thy death-hour is drawing nigh,
Tho' thy maw be yet unsated
With thy victims' agony!—
Right is hourly growing stronger—
Thou canst live but little longer!

Over our fair land is breaking
Truth's effulgence, far and fast;
Men, from error's trance awaking,
Feel that they *have hearts*, at last!
And confess, as all men should,
Universal brotherhood.

Rise, Columbia! rise in glory,
Wipe the foul stain from thy brow;
And in future song and story,
Thou shalt live, as thou shouldst now,
Earth's model-nation, great and free,
And pioneer of Liberty!

Break thy children's galling fetters—
Lo! their blood pollutes thy plains!
Tyrants, and their base abettors,
Wring it daily from their veins!
Yet employ no means coercive,
Such, of good, are aye subversive.

Truth, alone, should be thy agent,
'Tis a power omnipotent;
Truth, without parade or pageant,
Bonds, and bars, and walls hath rent:—
'Tis the weapon God employs,—
Use it, and thou shalt rejoice.

RURAL PICTURE.

Sunset glories slowly fading
From the mountain's lofty crest;
Twilight shadows softly shading
The low valley's quiet breast.

Nestling in their leafy bowers,
Birds have sung their latest lay;
And the bees have left the flowers,
Where they revel'd all the day.

Balmy is the breath of even,
One by one the stars appear,
And, around the vault of heaven,
Range in beauty, bright and clear.

Leafy is the mountain's bosom,
Verdant is the quiet vale;
And the fragrant clover blossom
Sweetly scents the summer gale.

Many an insect voice is ringing,
In the twilight atmosphere;
And the whip-poor-will is singing
Her sad note, so wild and clear.

Lovely is the scene, and lonely,
Soft, sequestered, and serene;
Here and there a mansion, only,
Thro' its leafy veil is seen.

Had ye sought an earthly heaven,
Ye had surely chosen this:—
Every charm to it was given,
Every air of happiness.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Ah! greatly do they err, who deem
That woman's mind is fed with praise!
Her life is not an idle dream,
Her days are not inactive days:
Bright, cheering intellectual rays
Have emanated from her soul;
And man—proud man—thro' all his ways,
Is vassal to her soft control!

A mildly-moving influence lives
Wherever woman's lot is cast—
A tone to human life she gives,
Its first, its loveliest, and its last:
Like zephyrs as they wander past,
Her spirit breathes a freshness round;
And *firm*, amid life's sternest blast,
Her heart and faith are ever found.

'Tis hers to mould the infant mind,
'Tis hers to sway the youthful breast,
And by her influence are inclin'd
Man's acts—his noblest and his best—

And e'en his worst! be it confess'd—
The sin, the sorrow, and remorse,
Which rack man's bosom with unrest,
In woman, sometimes, have their source.

Then how important that her mind
Be truth-directed, pure and high;
The polar-star of human kind
Should blaze amid a cloudless sky!
The world's eternal destiny
To woman's hands must e'er be given;
'Tis hers to sink in misery,
Or raise to happiness and heaven!

TO MY SISTER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

THERE is a grief too deep for words,
  Which all may feel, but none express;
It thrills the bosom's inmost chords
  With agonizing bitterness.

Such is the grief a mother knows,
  When Death has sealed a daughter's brow—
And such the grief that round thee throws
  Its melancholy shadow now.

Oh! vain thy aid, Philosophy!
  Feeling's strong torrent will burst forth:—
And it is right—the tearful eye
  Is ever due departed worth.

The stoic soul that cannot weep,
  Is a most cold, insensate thing:
Tears are a language strong and deep,—
  An earnest heart's best offering.

Oh! when the young and beautiful
Are summon'd from this world away,
Those senses must indeed be dull
That cannot sorrow's tribute pay!

And she *was* young and beautiful,—
That faded flower—that broken gem—
And every virtue we may cull,
To wreathe her mem'ry's diadem:

For all were hers—as good as fair,
She left no blot upon her name;—
Obedience was her constant care,
And merit's meed her highest aim.

Then weep, my sister—Jesus wept,
And he was not asham'd to weep,
Where his beloved disciple slept
Death's awful slumber—lone and deep.

But sorrow should not always last—
Sunshine succeeds the deepest gloom:—
Thy daughter—all her suff'ring past—
Rests peacefully within the tomb.

Dec. 17, 1848.

TO MRS. E * * * * *.

"Where is the motive? shall I ask a name,
And bow a cringing suppliant to Fame?"—MRS. E.

ONE who can wield with so much power,
And grace, and ease, the poet-pen,
Should not withhold the precious dower,
Should freely give, and give again,
Until the world shall realize,
And realizing, shall confess
How truly rich and rare the prize,
It has the fortune to possess.

What tho' the meed of merit ne'er
Can save from ill, or shield from death;
What tho' as empty as the air
Be Fame's award and trumpet-breath;
What tho' Ambition's siren voice
Hath never whispered in thine ear;
What tho' Seclusion be thy choice,
And calm Retirement be thy sphere:—

Should these restrain the march of *Mind?*
Should these deter from *doing good?*
No!—let the soul be unconfined,
And *active*,—e'en in sólitude!—
This is the "motive"—this should be
The inspiration of the bard—
The aim and end of poesy,
Its highest object—chief reward—

To elevate the human race,
Reform the errors of mankind,
And shed abroad, with constant grace,
The radiating light of Mind.
This is the bard's high mission here,
Which none can do so well as he,
For, in each human grade and sphere,
The soul responds to poesy.

It is the music of the heart,
Its diapason—strong and deep;
At its behest the passions start,
And into life and action leap!
It wakes the pulses of the soul—
It moulds the manners of the age:
The patriot owns its soft control,
The statesman, scholar, and the sage.

Then let thy numbers freely flow;
Throw to the world each stirring strain,
Until it revel in the glow
Of pure poetic fire again!
Thou need'st not meet the public gaze,
Nor thy beloved seclusion leave;
But weave in solitude thy lays,
Then give them forth—and freely give.

Like bread upon the waters cast,
And gathered after many days,
Mankind will see their worth at last,
And honestly award their praise;
With those whose language ever breathed
Of souls exalted and refin'd—
With sister-spirits, laurel-wreathed,
Thy memory will be enshrin'd.

And this *is* something—yet 'tis *naught*,
Compar'd with that high purpose given,
Which lifts the poet's raptur'd thought
Up to its kindred home and heaven!
The wish to do for others' weal,
To work for man, and not for fame—
This is the motive all do feel,
Whose worth deserves the Poet's name.

Child of the Muse!—to thee 'tis given
To breathe the pure Parnassian lays,
Unmingled with the grosser leaven,
So rife in these degenerate days:
Child of the Muse!—revive again
The spirit of that classic age,
When *Mind* was seen in every strain
That glow'd upon the Poet's page.

Oh! there are errors to correct,
And there are evils to abate,
And there is many a gross defect
In ethics, and in church and state:
Are these unworthy of the muse?
Are these beneath the minstrel's mind?
Ah, no! it never should refuse
Aught that can benefit mankind.

Its highest office is to do
What shall result in human weal;
Its greatest pleasure, to imbue
The soul with high and holy zeal.
Then strike the sounding lyre again,
Oh gifted sister of the Nine!
Give to the world each mellow strain,
And merit's best reward be thine!

TO MRS. E * * * * *.

"Enough of joy begirts the sphere
Where proud ambition may not come;
Enough of duty centres here,
Within my little empire, *home.*"—MRS. E.

A SENTIMENT unworthy *thee;*
A maxim of that darker age,
Ere *universal charity*
Was taught by Galilean sage:
It mars the beauty of thy page—
It breathes too much of selfishness—
It tells that thoughts thy soul engage,
Unworthy of a Poetess!

But no!—*it never could be thine!*
That sentiment belies thy soul!
Cloth'd with a mission half divine,
Thy *poet-spirit spurns control!*
In every clime, from pole to pole,
It sees a *common brotherhood;*
And far as ocean billows roll,
It fain would journey—*doing good.*

Oh! by that kindred sympathy,
Which links congenial mind to mind,
I know a feeling lives with thee,
Which binds thee closely to thy kind,
And, free as roams the viewless wind,
Thy social spirit roams abroad,
Forever ready and inclin'd
To help the meanest child of God!

We live not for *ourselves* alone—
Our duties are not bound by *home*—
Wherever Error builds a throne,—
Wherever Sin or Sorrow come,—
Our duty leads us—as, whilom,
Was led the sage of Galilee,
Dispelling Sin and Sorrow's gloom,
And setting Mind from error free.

An influence to all is given—
Each grain of sand, each drop of dew
Asserts that common boon of heaven,
And observation proves it true.
The Poet has an influence too—
A mighty influence—all his own!
All spheres of life it vibrates through,
From humblest cot to highest throne!

Thou hast it:—unto thee belong
The potent powers of Poesy;
Thou hast it—at thy bidding throng
Hopes, feelings, aspirations high;
And all the Poet's mastery
O'er language and o'er thought, is thine;
'Tis seen in every melody,
It glows in every measured line.

Oh! wield it—wield it as becomes
The master of a mighty art;
Give light and joy to others' *homes*,
To others be a guiding chart!
Obey the impulse of thy heart—
That impulse is *Philanthropy*—
And act an *independent* part,
As did the Sage of Galilee.

Like him, proclaim eternal truth—
No matter what that truth may be—
'Twill flourish in immortal youth,
Despite each "Scribe" and "Pharisee!"
Tho' Prejudice and Bigotry,
And Ignorance and Wrong assail,
'Twill rise o'er all triumphantly—
For *Truth is Power—and will prevail.*

In liquid lines of living light,
Be every sentiment expressed;
Aim, fearless, at the *true* and *right*,
And show the world *thyself*—confessed.
Throw off the burden of thy breast,
Nor care upon whose head it fall,—
Whether on Potentate or Priest,
It matters not—if meant for all.

Oh! say not that persuasive strains
Can never "mend" the human heart:
Their healing balm it long retains,
Ay, *cherishes*, till life depart.
If not, vain were the preacher's art,
The sage's truth, the poet's lay,
And vain were every moral chart,
From Plato to the present day!

The mightiest moral lever known,
Is *Truth, in love and kindness spoken:*
It shakes the pillars of the throne—
The toils of sin by it are broken:
Of *honesty* it is the token,
The pledge of *motives* pure and high;
And by its influence are evoken
The virtues of humanity.

It was the power—the only power,
Employ'd by *him of Nazareth*,
To sweep the evils of the hour,
As with the Siroc's blasting breath.
No moral power, the heavens beneath,
May with the power of Truth compare:
The *Wrong* it ever dooms to death,
The *Right* it strengthens, everywhere!

Oh! breathe it—breathe it in those words
Which echo in the soul forever!
And, like the melody of birds,
Weary the raptur'd senses never.
Resistless as a mountain river,
'Twill sweep in full career along;
Impell'd by every high endeavor,
And swell'd by each succeeding song.

The work is glorious—and the power
Is vested in the human soul;
Before its might shall Error cower,
And Truth be spread from pole to pole.
The Tyrant's, Bigot's, dark control
Shall totter to its final fall;
And round the world the thunders roll
Of Truth—triumphant over all!

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